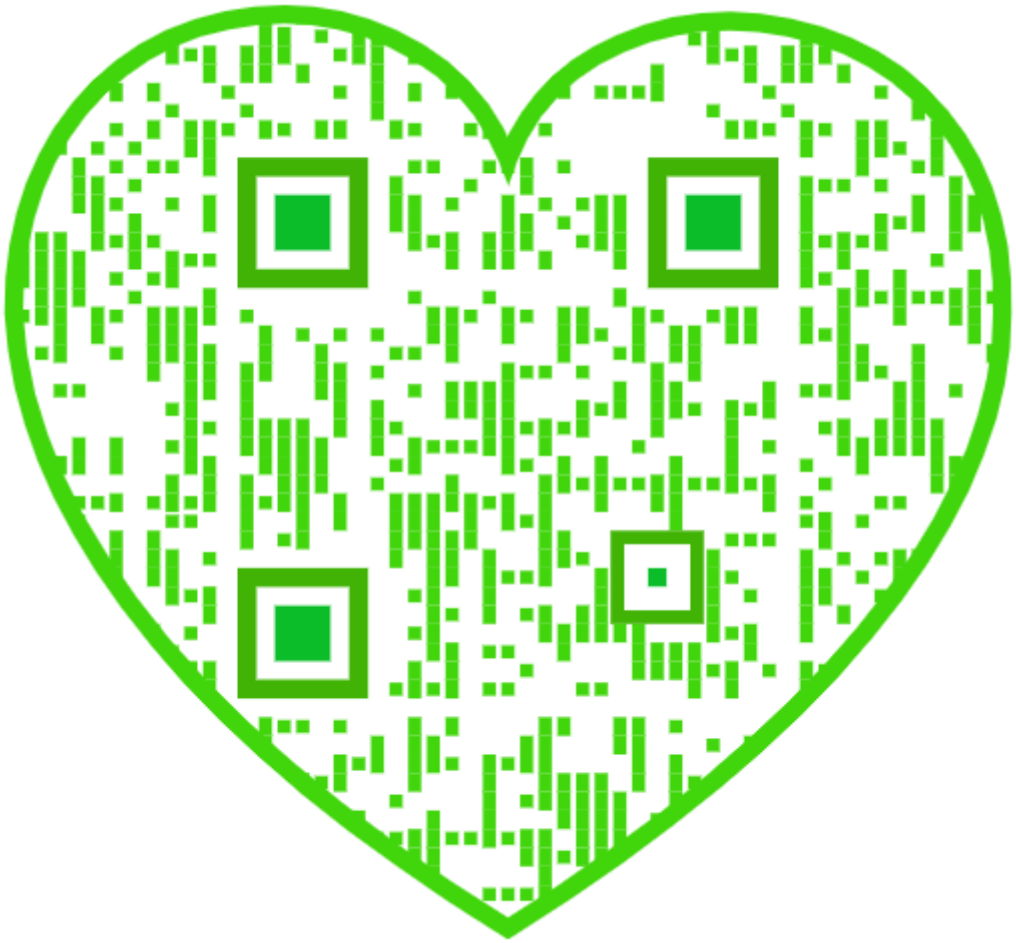
TEXAS LITERATURE READER

By

D. F. EAGLETON



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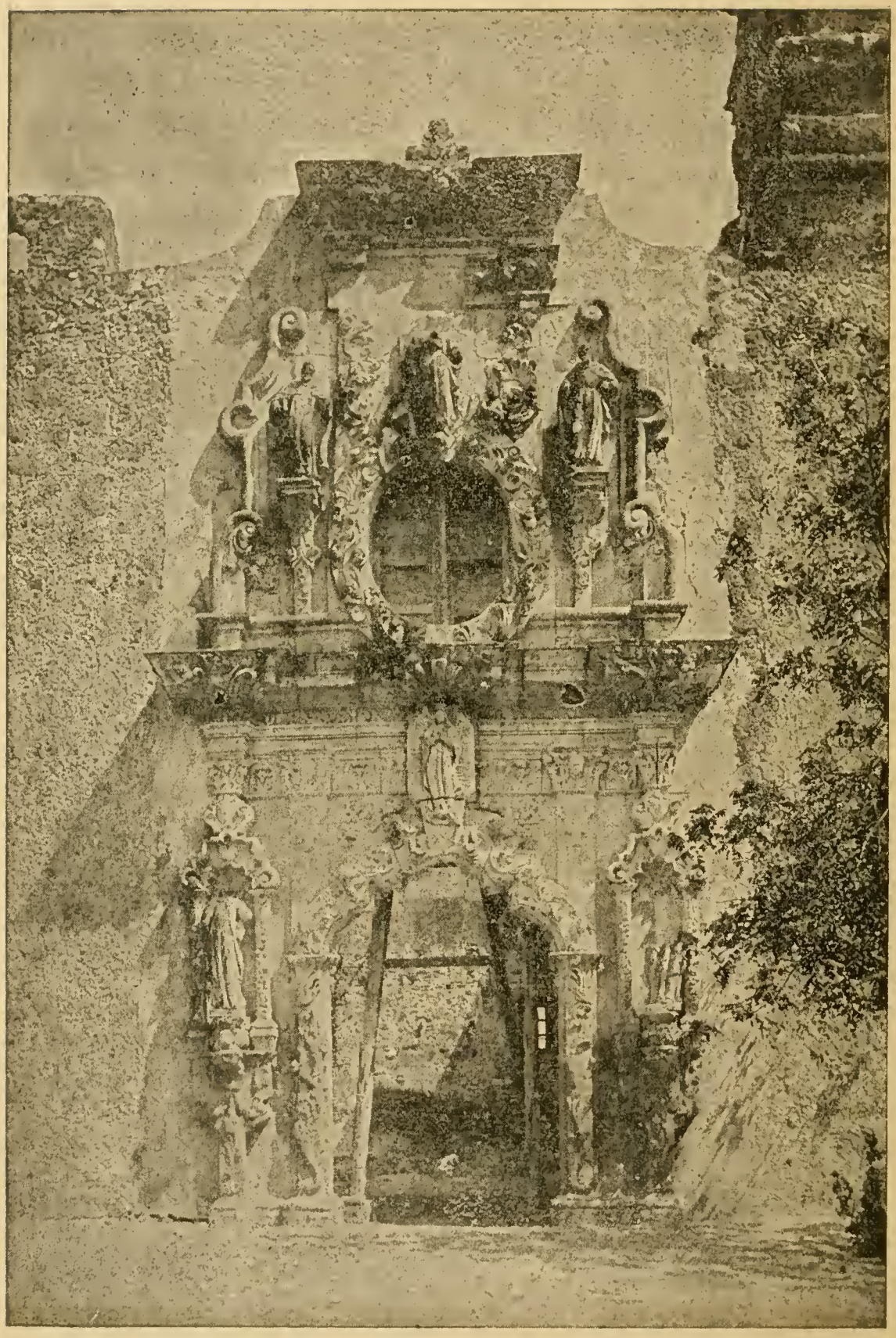

THE PORTAL OF SAN JOSE MISSION

TEXAS
LITERATURE READER

COMPILED BY

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FOREWORD

In deciding upon the following selections for a literature reader for school grades, due consideration has been given to variety of subject matter as well as to the various forms of style. The questions are developed on the principle of induction and are intended to be suggestive merely, and not exhaustive. The pupils should be encouraged to make their own questions.

No apology is made for the large use of verse. A long experience in the class room produces the conviction that there would be more appreciation in later years of this most enjoyable of all artistic forms, if pupils were brought into more intimate contact with it in the earlier days of school.

The biographical notes should be of great service to the teacher. The personal equation is an important factor in school work. Behind the writing should always be the writer. Above all should be cultivated the spirit of inquiry and original thinking on the part of the child.

The compiler and publishers desire to return thanks to authors, publishers, and friends, who have so generously aided in securing the material. And it is the hope that the book may be the inspiration of a deeper interest in our home writers on the part of both teachers and pupils.

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TEXAS LITERATURE READER

FLAG SONG OF TEXAS

Oh, prairie breeze, blow sweet and pure,
  And, Southern Sun, shine bright,
To bless our flag where'er may gleam
  Its single star of light;
But should the sky grow dark with wrath,
  The tempest burst and rave,
It still shall float undauntedly—
  The standard of the brave!

Chorus

Flag of our State, oh, glorious flag!
  Unsullied in peace and triumphant in war;
Heroes have fought for you
  Statesmen have wrought for you,—
Emblazoned in glory, you wear the lone star.

By deeds of arms our land was won
  And priceless the reward!
Brave Milam died and Fannin fell
  Her sacred rights to guard;

Our patriot force with mighty will
  Triumphant set her free,
And Travis, Bowie, Crockett, gave
  Their lives for liberty!

And when on San Jacinto's plain
  The Texans heard the cry,
"Remember, men, the Alamo!"
  They swore to win or die;
Resistless in their high resolve,
  They forced the foe to yield,
And freedom crowned the victory gained
  On that illustrious field!

Oh! Texas, tell the story o'er,
  With pride recall each name,
And teach your sons to emulate
  Their virtues and their fame;
So shall your grandeur still increase,
  Your glory shine afar—
For deathless honor guards the flag,
  Where gleams the proud Lone Star!

—Mrs. Lee Cohen Harby.

QUESTIONS

1. When did the "sky grow dark with wrath"?
2. What is a "standard"?
3. Tell something of Milam. Of Fannin.

4. Where did Travis, Bowie, and Crockett give their lives for liberty?
5. Write the story of "San Jacinto's plain."
6. Tell the story of the Texas Flag.

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN

SAM HOUSTON

These two great men are gone. If they could return now to the scene of their heroic action and behold the State which they founded and for which they fought, what joy would animate them! Now they would behold a great State of the Union, inhabited by more than 5,000,000 people, cultivating more acres of land than any other State of the American Union; the greatest agricultural and stock-raising State in this Union; a State annually bringing into the channels of American commerce more gold from Europe than any other State; a State whose population is more happily distributed than any other territory in the world; a State whose internal government, whose low taxation, whose educational funds and institutions, whose administration of justice, are second to none. And, standing in the proud present, thinking of the glorious past, the contemplation of the future would stagger even those far-seeing intellects. For no human vision can foretell what the resistless sweep of civilization and progress shall accomplish in the coming years in the State of the Lone Star, with a territory comprising so much fertile soil, of such various adaptability to all forms of culture possible on the Western Conti-

nent; with a great gulf trade upon which mouths to the open sea are calling for the commerce of so vast an area to pour it out into the markets of the world, and which invite in return so much of imports to so large a section.

When the Gulf of Mexico becomes, as it surely will, the Mediterranean of the Western Continent, and factories mingle with agriculture, a progress and a power will be ours far beyond our ken. Those of us who live there pray that our patriotism and that of our posterity may be equal to the discharge of all the great tasks that our great future will hold for us. May the spirit of our fathers fall with tender benediction and inspiring purpose upon us and our children forever!

Texas has not only a glorious but a unique history. She comprises the only territory upon the surface of the globe which has a history that parallels in patriotic purpose, struggle and achievement that of the thirteen colonies of America. The same love of liberty, the same reckless devotion to human rights, throbbed in the bosom of these colonists that had been potent among those of the thirteen colonies. Revolution came here as the result. These colonists met in the open and they wrote a declaration of independence, and achieved it by a short, desperate, but decisive war. They ordained a constitution, they selected a flag typical of the republic which they had founded. This flag had a blue field, wherein gleamed a lone

star, which stood for the sovereignty of the Republic for which they had sacrificed so much. They had their Gonzales where the first shot was fired in resistance to tyranny and lit a fire of freedom that could not be quenched; their Alamo and Goliad. The desperate valor of the one and the merciless butchery of the other made the glory of their San Jacinto possible, for they gave that battle cry, "Remember the Alamo and Goliad," to Sam Houston's army—the most stirring, vengeful, animating war cry that ever fell from patriot warriors' lips since the dawn of history.

As I believe, in the providence of God, the time came when the people of the United States and the people of the Republic of Texas agreed to unite under one flag of the United States, and the Republic of Texas took its lone star from the flag of its republic and pinned it in the blue field with the Stars and the Stripes of the Union, to mingle with them in the same flag and under the same Constitution, in a common, glorious destiny. May the radiance of these stars light the liberty for which they stand, to the remotest corners of the earth! May the sweet lilies of peace, rooted in the blood of revolution shed for freedom's sake, exhale their fragrance in the hearts of men till the nations of the world shall catch step to that sacred song which in the long ago echoed over Judea's hills, "On earth, peace, good-will toward men."

—George F. Burgess.

QUESTIONS

1. Tell something of the author of this speech.
2. Where and on what occasion was it spoken? In what year?
3. How many people does he claim for Texas?
4. What advantages does he claim for his State?
5. What is its largest industry?
6. What resemblance between its history and that of the United States?
7. Trace the similarity.
8. Memorize the last paragraph.

THE STORY OF MINERAL WELLS

I'll tell you a story strange and quaint
  But a story, they say, that's true;
Of healing wells where strong health dwells
  'Neath Texas skies of blue.

'Tis a wonderful tale, as the legend runs,
  Of a beauteous Indian maid
And a warrior brave, who his life to save,
  To a sun-kissed valley strayed.

It happened, oh, ever so long ago,
  Far back in the dimming past,
That Running Fawn one day at dawn
  A glance 'cross the prairie cast.

As the sun rays brightened the eastern sky
  And the gray dawn turned to day,
She saw War Cloud and his warriors proud
  To the war trail ride away.

The war paint gleamed on each bronzed face,
  And the war plumes waved on high,
While the war steed neighed and the war plumes swayed
  As the warriors passed her by.

Far out on the prairie then they rode,
And War Cloud waved his hand
To Running Fawn—then he was gone,
To fight in a far off land.

Then the maiden waited for moons and moons,
While the green corn turned to gold,
And the hot sun beat in summer heat—
She waited 'til days grew cold.

She gazed from the lodge 'cross the rolling plain
From dawn till the night birds sang;
And her love was true and stronger grew
As she thought of the war bow's twang.

And the moon grew old and the moon grew young,
The moon grew old again;
From the green corn dance to the great bear dance
She waited, her heart in pain.

Then Running Fawn from her lodge set forth
Her lover chief to find,
And far across the plain in sun and rain
Her tribe was left behind.

She journeyed afar o'er hill and dale,
Crossed rushing streams and sand,
Past deep abyss where serpents hiss,
To a strange and mystic land.

The seasons changed as she wandered on,
And faltering grew her tread,
But her love was strong the whole time long,
As she passed through the land of dread.

To a star-lit plain at last came she,
In the midst of a witching night,
Lying billowy green 'neath the ghostly sheen
Of the pale moon's amber light.

She found him there, her chief, War Cloud,
With his warriors all around;
Lying still and weak, unable to speak,
At the top of a green clad mound.

The braves no more would war whoop shout,
No more their arrows fly;
They had fought their fight that very night
And died as warriors die.

Then Running Fawn by her chieftain knelt,
She kissed his hair, his face;
And all night long she chanted a song,
A song of love and the chase.

The flush of dawn was in the sky,
When War Cloud raised his head
And gazed at his love, at the skies above—
At his warriors lying dead.

A mist that was dark dimmed eyes once bright,
His red blood darkened the ground,
But the glory of fight, of that hard fought night,
Still filled his ears with sound.

No light in his eye for Running Fawn,
No thought of the breaking day;
Not a shadow of thought for his tribe who sought
For them both in the far away.

Then the maiden lifted her voice and sang
To the Great Spirit above;
Just chanted a prayer while kneeling there
For the life of her long lost love.

As the soft notes rang through the morning air,
And the sun the sky did greet,
An open trail through the misty veil
Appeared at War Cloud's feet.

Then Running Fawn grasped the chieftain's hand
And led him along the way;
With tenderest care from every snare,
In the light of the new-born day.

To a valley of green came they at last,
Where the birds sang long and free;
Where sweet flowers grew of gorgeous hue,
Each kissed by the honey bee.

A soft wind blew from the hills around,
And the sky gleamed bright above;
'Twas a valley of rest by Nature blest—
A valley of rest and love.

In the midst of it all, clear, sparkling, bright,
A spring from the white sands welled;
'Twas a fountain of youth in very truth,
A fount where strong health dwelled.

They knelt on the gleaming sands, the two,
And drank of the waters clear;
Just splashed in the pool, in its healing cool,
With never a thought of fear.

Then lo, with a shout they sprang afoot,
A mystic thing was done;
Their blood coursed free, they danced with glee,
For health and strength was near.

Then strong in youth, and hand in hand,
With never an ache or pain,
They started again that very day
For tribe and lodge again.

Came they at last to their tribe one day,
'Twas a day in the warm, sweet spring;
And told of the fight, of the valley bright,
Of the cure that its waters bring.

They sang of the water's healing power,
  They told of its mystic worth,
'Til fame ran wide on every side
  And spread throughout the earth.

Then far away from fair Castile
  Great Ponce de Leon came
To seek out the truth, the Fountain of Youth,
  For he had heard of its fame.

The red men guarded the secret well,
  He searched, but never found;
And for many a day it was hid away
  By the green-clad hills around.

But the white man searched till he found at last
  The wonderful fount that heals;
And Mineral Wells, the story tells,—
  The secret now reveals.

—Anonymous.

QUESTIONS

1. What is known of the author?
2. What references to natural scenery are in the poem?
3. What habits of the Indians are mentioned?
4. See if you can learn what tribe of Indians lived in the locality of Mineral Wells.
5. Compare Running Fawn's journey with that of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

6. Who is meant by "the Great Spirit"?
7. What healed War Cloud?
8. Tell the story of Ponce de Leon.
9. Find out what you can about the Mineral Wells of today.
10. What peculiar rhyme do you discover in each third line?
11. Write the story of War Cloud and Running Fawn in your own words.

PEACH BLOSSOM TIME

Down in the orchard the wild birds are singing,
"Peach-blossom time!"
White-petaled, gold-hearted daisies are nodding,
"Peach-blossom time!"
South winds are blowing, and bear on their pinions,
Fragrance sublime,
Stolen from the groves of magnolia and orange,
In sunnier clime.

Hearts are rejoicing, and nature o'erflowing,
'Tis peach-blossom time!
Blue-birds are mating, and billing, and cooing,
"Peach-blossom time!"
Peach-blossom time with its wondrous elixir,
Bounding along,
From tiptoe to temple; and oh, how the heart-strings
Vibrate with the song!

Open, O delicate, shell-tinted petals,
Soft as the light,
Yield up the aroma wrapped up in your bosoms
Of rose tint and white!
Music and melody ring in the woodlands,
Morn, noon, and night,

Bursting from sweet feathered throats, in a rapture
Of wildest delight!

Strange does it seem that these orchards of blossom
A few weeks ago
Stood facing the norther, their bare arms extended,
Laden with snow;
But warm rains and sunshine, and God's wondrous power
Hath clothed them in garments surpassing all texture
Of hands not divine.

Then ope your dainty hearts, pour out their fragrance,
Ablution divine!
While angel-voice sings in the breeze to the earth-land,
"Peach-blossom time!"

—Mrs. Belle Hunt Shortridge.

QUESTIONS

1. When is "peach blossom time"?
2. Why is that a favorite time of the year?
3. The beauty of this poem is threefold: (1) The imagery; (2) the music of the line; (3) the interesting thought presented. See if you can appreciate each of these.

4. What is meant by "daisies are nodding"? "Wondrous elixir"? "Shell-tinted petals"? "Norther"? "Ablution divine"?
5. Notice the difference in length between the first and the second line. What is gained by this arrangement?
6. In the fourth stanza there is a change. Was it made on purpose? See if you can find a reason why.
7. What is peculiar in the last stanza? in length? in thought?
8. Judging her from this poem, what do you think of the author?
9. See if you can write the thought in prose form.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

The twenty-first of April, 1836, dawned clear and beautiful. It was felt by those who were to participate in its stirring scenes, to be the day upon which the conflict for Texas was to be decided.

Early in the morning General Houston sent Deaf Smith, the celebrated Texas spy, with two or three men to destroy Vince's bridge across the bayou over which the Mexican army had passed, thus cutting off their only available avenue of escape. The daring exploit was executed almost in the presence of the foe. It was now decided to be the moment to attack Santa Anna in his intrenchments. With the stillness of death the patriot army moved, in three divisions, to the charge. When within two hundred yards, they received the volley of the enemy's advanced column without quailing, and then increased their pace to a "double quick."

When within seventy yards the word "Fire!" was given, and six hundred Texas rifles belched forth their deadly contents. Then the shout "Alamo" and "Goliad" rang along the entire line, and they rushed forward to a hand-to-hand

encounter. But Mexican valor had already given way before the impetuosity of that charge, and in a few minutes more the boastful legions of the "Napoleon of the West" were in full retreat. The rout soon became general. Finding the bridge destroyed, the Mexicans plunged into the bayou, where many were drowned or slain by their pursuers. Seven hundred dead Mexicans upon that day atoned for the butchery at the Alamo and Goliad; and seven hundred and thirty prisoners were in the hands of the victorious army.

Santa Anna in vain tried to escape. He was discovered, on the morning of the twenty-second, hiding in the long grass with a blanket thrown over his head, and was taken to the quarters of General Houston.

At the time Santa Anna was brought before him, Houston, who had been severely wounded in the battle, was lying on a mattress under a tree which constituted his headquarters. The President of Mexico, bowing low before him, said, "I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a prisoner of war at your disposal." General Houston requested him to sit down, which he did, at the same time asking for opium. A piece of this drug was brought him, which he eagerly swallowed. He then proposed to purchase his freedom, but was answered, "That is a matter to be negotiated with the Government of Texas." He, however, per-

sisted in saying to Houston, "You can afford to be generous, you have conquered the 'Napoleon of the West.' "

How to dispose of Santa Anna was a troublesome question. Among the soldiers the feeling existed that his life only could atone for the cruelties perpetrated by his order. But prudence as well as humanity dictated another course, and his life was spared. The following agreement was entered into between him and the President of Texas: First, that he would never again take up arms against Texas; second, that he should order all Mexican troops in Texas to return home; third, that he should cause to be restored all captured property.

In consideration of these conditions, he was to be set free. When the time came for his release, the storm of popular indignation was so great, that President Burnet thought best to order his longer detention as a prisoner of war.

Santa Anna was liberated by President Houston in January, 1837, and sent to Washington, D. C., whence he returned to Mexico.

—From *A Brief History of Texas.*

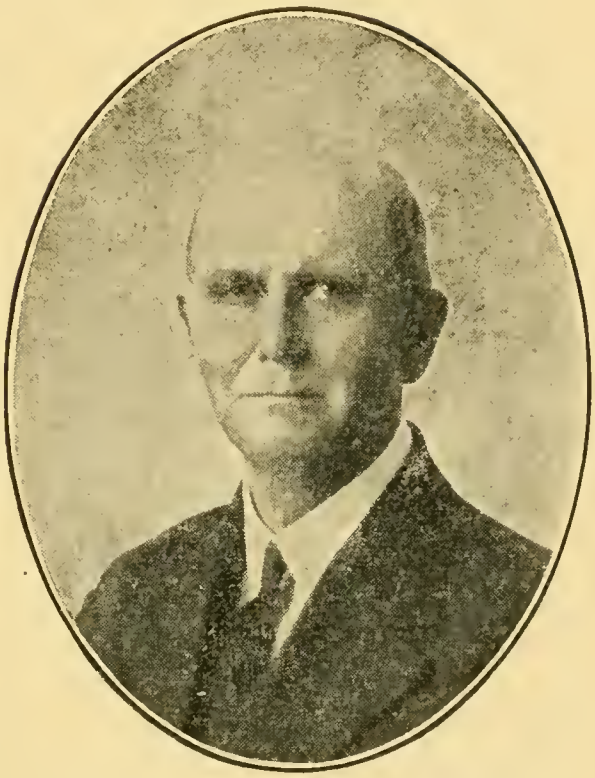
QUESTIONS

1. Find the battle ground of San Jacinto on your map.
2. What is the San Jacinto?

3. The Texans had 600 men; the Mexicans had 1800. What would you expect to be the result of such a battle?
4. How do you account for the victory of the Texans?
5. Write a story about General Houston. What is your opinion of Santa Anna?
6. Why did they have so much trouble disposing of Santa Anna?
7. Learn the three articles of agreement between him and the Texas Government.
8. Find what became of Santa Anna. What did he mean by "Napoleon of the West"?

FIDDLIN' A'TER SUPPER

I shore love to play
the fiddle
Nearly any time o'
day,
When I'm feelin' in
the notion,
An' my fiddle
wants to play;
But hit's nicer a'ter
supper
When my day's
work's done, you
know,
An' my thoughts gits
solemncholy
An' I play right soft an' low.



JAKE H. HARRISON

Then the fiddle seems to jine in,
Like your sweetheart at the gate,
When you're sparkin' in the evenin',
An' stay out a little late;
An' my heart hit gits to chordin'
With the music in the strings,
An' the fiddle gits to trimblin'
An' jist kind o' sobs an' sings.

Then my eyes they git to leakin',
  An' my voice don't want to speak,
An' I feel so awful happy
  An' so kin' o' mild an' meek,
'At I love the whole creation,
  As I play an' walk the floor,
An' jist crave to own a billion,
  So 'at I kin help the poor.

An' I most forgot to mention
  'At my little daughter, Nell,
Plays the chords upon the organ—
  An' you bet she plays 'em well—
An' most always a'ter supper
  We jist have a jubilee,
An' I git as close to heaven
  As a feller needs to be!

For my wife she'll set a-smilin'
  An' the baby'll jump an' coo,
An' I feel so good an' happy
  'At I dunno what to do!
An' old Nancy an' the puppies
  They shore think the music's fine,
For they all stan' in the entry,
  An' jist wag thar tails an' whine!

Now I hain't got any larnin'
  An' must labor for my bread,

An' I guess most ever' body
  Will jist laugh at what I've said;
But I tell you they's no happ'ness
  Like the kind a fiddle brings,
When hit trimbles on your bosom,
  An' jist kind o' sobs an' sings.

—Jake H. Harrison.

QUESTIONS

1. What do you know of Mr. Harrison? What kind of a man do you take him to be? Where does he live? Write him a letter.
2. What is a fiddle? Describe it in a short composition.
3. Why does Mr. Harrison choose "after supper"?
4. Do you like the poet's idea of making the fiddle his *companion,* as if it were a person?
5. What effect does the music have on the musician as he plays?
6. What outside things add to the interest?
7. What is gained by bringing his little daughter, Nell, into the scene?
8. Describe the effect on different members of the family.
9. Do you like the poem better because it represents the story teller as using the language of careless conversation?
10. Correct some of the misspelt words and note the effect on the interest of the reader.
11. What is this form of expression called?

12. Is the feeling produced by the poem one of joy or sadness on the poet? On the reader?
13. How many stanzas has the poem? How many lines in each?
14. Which lines rhyme? Does the rhyme add to the interest?

THE LONE QUAIL

I saw him today in the twilight gray,
He was limping and alone;
And his actions said that his mate was dead,
And his covey of children gone;
And dragging a wing, now a useless thing,
He hid himself in the weeds,—
Striking evidence of man's brutal sense
And his savage, cruel deeds.

He was left to rest near his hidden nest,
All the golden, summer days;
And he led his brood in their search for food
In the quiet, covert ways,
Till November came with its deeds of shame,
When he quickly was bereft
By the hunters' guns, of his loving ones,
Until he alone is left.

He may call in vain when he looks for grain
Where the yellow stubble stands;
He may cry "Bob White" in the morning light,
From the fields and timber lands,
Like a plaintive flute; but his mate is mute,
And his covey, too, is dead;

They have met their doom through the crashing
boom
And the shotgun's cruel lead.

Will the God above in His boundless love,
He who sees the sparrow fall,
Disregard the wail of that wounded quail,
When He hears that lonely call?
No; the day shall come when His creatures dumb
Will demand the punishment
Of the vandals rude who will kill a brood,
Through their pure destructive bent.

And the judgment seat will its justice mete
To the killers in its way;
They shall surely hear, with a quaking fear,
Their doom on the Judgment Day!
For His creatures all, be they great or small,
Have His constant love and care;
So the man who kills, and his game bag fills,
Of his acts had best beware.

Of his own accord he had made him lord
Of the lives his Master gave,
And he cuts them short in his cruel sport;
While he sends them to the grave,
In his hungry maw, by his vandal law,—
While in arrogance he pleads

That his cruel might gives him sacred right
To supply, through them, his needs.

—Jake H. Harrison.

QUESTIONS

1. What is a quail? A partridge? Bob White?
2. Read this poem and then read "The Last Bob White" by Whitney Montgomery, and note how they are alike and how they differ.
3. Why is November mentioned?
4. Which do you like better, a poem, a picture, or a story?
5. Which does this poem give you?
6. What is yellow stubble? Flute? Covey? Cruel lead?
7. How does the hunter justify his deed? Does his excuse satisfy you?
8. Write a composition about the lone quail.

WHAT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO MEANT

The San Jacinto River
Told the story to the sea;
And Europe, listening from afar,
Proclaimed young Texas free!

MRS. MARY V. JACKSON

And what did freedom mean to the thirty thousand Anglo-Americans settled in 1836 in the Mexican province of Texas? It meant more than life, just as the uncertainties, insults, injustice, and cruelties which they had endured meant more than death. Already deprived of the rights of freemen, they heard the order that they must speak the Spanish language, conform to the Catholic faith, and give up their fire-arms, their only means of defense against wild animals and wilder Indians. The Mexican yoke had grown too heavy

for white men. Texans were forced to revolution. In the bitter lessons that they had learned at Goliad and the Alamo, they had come to know what they might expect from Mexican clemency.

The freedom bought at San Jacinto meant, therefore, more than that won at Yorktown; for England has ever been a merciful mistress to her colonies. San Jacinto meant, first of all, the right of every man to bear arms for the protection of his own household; it meant the right to speak his mother tongue, to pray his own prayer, and sing his own hymns. It meant a free press, the opportunity of material wealth, the possibility of education for his children and his children's children.

It meant more. It meant a government of liberty, of the people, for the people, by the people. A nation was born; and it was that most satisfactory form of government, a *republic*. Thus did Texas declare her faith and publish it to the nations of the earth.

It is hard for us to conceive what the birth of a nation means. In 1701 Prussia was born a kingdom into the European family of nations. And what did it mean? Militarism, the ever present sound of the fife and drum, a turning back toward mediævalism, a hateful system that keeps the young manhood of the country ever prepared or preparing for war, a system that with various changes has served as a model for the entire continent of Europe, and is both vicious and vitiating.

But young Texas stood for democracy, and with singular prescience chose a star for her emblem; for she proclaimed anew peace and good will. The people were sovereign, and peace prevails where the people rule.

Had this been the only result of that momentous twenty-first of April the battle of San Jacinto would still have been glorious. But events that followed in logical sequence gave San Jacinto a place among the decisive battles of world history. It was only natural that Texas, with a citizenship almost entirely Anglo-American, should seek and gain admission into the United States. Safe under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, we thank God today that we are spared much suffering as has fallen to our old yoke-fellow, Coahuila, and to other states of the republic of Mexico. Because of little San Jacinto, we sit today by protected firesides and enjoy the results of cheerful human toil in a land fair in field, full in orchard, rich in all that blesses Christian civilization.

But the annexation of Texas to the United States precipitated the Mexican War which resulted in the ceding to our country of a vast and fertile stretch of territory, including the present States of California, Utah, Nevada, and a part of New Mexico.

Because of San Jacinto, the United States stretched at last from ocean to ocean, and because of her guardianship, mighty results have sprung

from a battle that lasted only eighteen minutes!

—Mrs. Mary V. Jackson.

QUESTIONS

1. Memorize the opening stanza.
2. Where did those 30,000 Anglo-Americans come from?
3. Who were some of their leaders?
4. Who issued those orders from Mexico?
5. Write a story of the lessons "learned at Goliad and the Alamo."
6. What is the meaning of the expression, "A nation was born"?
7. Why does the writer refer to Prussia? What is "militarism"?
8. Why is Coahuila called "a yoke-fellow"?

THE LAST BOB WHITE

Oh, how they murdered poor Bob White today!
The booming guns were heard on every side,
From early morn till evening passed away,
The frightened coveys scattered far and wide.

No spot on earth could hide him from his foes,
For keen of scent the eager pointer came,
And flushed him from the ground, and as he rose
He fell before the hunter's deadly aim.

But when the day was done, and all was still
And twilight's purple shades began to fall,
From off the summit of yon leafy hill
I heard the echo of a lonely call.

It called into the night, but all in vain;
For none of his feathered mates was there
To send the call responsive back again,
And come to meet him through the chill night air.

They say this wanton slaughter is not sin—
That birds and beasts were made for man's delight,
But oh, there is such lonely sadness in
The plaintive calling of the last Bob White!

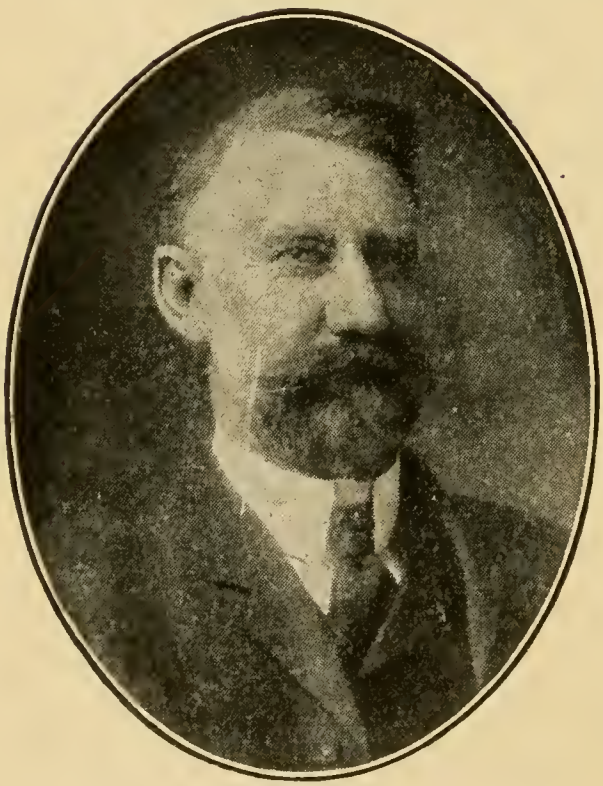
—Whitney Montgomery.

QUESTIONS

1. What is referred to as "Bob White"? Why so called?
2. What time is referred to as "today"? When is the season open?
3. Have birds feelings like people?
4. Why, do you think, do persons like to kill them?
5. What harm does the Bob White do? What good does he do?
6. How many lines in this stanza?
7. This line is called "iambic pentameter."
8. Two syllables taken together, with the second stressed, is called an iambic foot. How many such feet in each line of this poem?

A LION HUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

I



LEONARD LEMMON

High up in the snowy fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains the biting cold of the thin atmosphere is not tempered to the wants of the wild herds and packs and flocks that flee to them in summer from the haunts of man.

As winter approaches, the snow circle descends the mountain sides, and day by day the grazing herds must follow the descending lines of subsistence.

The remorseless packs follow the trail of the herds and pick off belated stragglers. The flocks, which seem independent, but which must, in fact, subsist on the remnant left by the herds or on the spoil left by the packs, drop down day by day to

the lower levels which they left some months before.

And so, all chased from above by the bitter cold down the mountain slopes, the struggle for existence goes on like an ever repeated drama. Elk and deer lead the van; wolves and wildcats and mountain lions and bears hang on the rear; grouse

ELK AND DEER LEAD THE VAN

run among them, eagles and hawks soar above them.

By the middle of winter this downward procession reaches the habitations of man. Then the herds depend upon isolation and the period of exemption by law for security. Then the carnivora find their prey increased by the young of domestic animals. Then man is apt to recall that

he is lord of creation, and to take his rifle and go forth to assert his lordship.

One year the mountain lions were so numerous and their depredations were so exasperating that a call was issued in the public prints for a meeting of sportsmen to arrange for an expedition against mountain lions.

Hunters came from all points of the compass. Some came on foot, some on horseback, and some in a palace car. The problem was to divide the crowd into organized parties, with mounts, packs of dogs, and skillful guides for each division. Eight districts were selected for hunting grounds. The party we shall follow were gathered in a road wagon pulled by four mountain ponies, and driven eighteen miles to a ranch house where mounts and dogs were provided.

The mountain lion is himself one of the greatest still-hunters in the world. He has velvet paws that make no sound. He is built for darkness and deceit, and his stealthy movements mark his treacherous instincts. On the chase he comes out from cover only at the last moment, and he springs upon his quarry from behind.

It is doubtless because he is such a master in this art that it is so easy for him to elude the still-hunter who comes after him. One might as well hunt for his shadow against the sun as to still-hunt the mountain lion. Instances are on record of his evading the still-hunter for hours and then

stealthily following him to the vicinity of the camp.

And nature has provided him with the power of effacing himself till the moment for attack arrives. Man has no physical powers to meet this special gift. His eye requires light; he walks erect and

THE MOUNTAIN LION OR COUGAR

each step ends in a jar. But man makes up for these defects. The velvet foot of the lion, soft as it is, makes its broad mark in the feathery snow. Man sees the imprint and calls his ally, the hound, to his aid. Then the animal with an eye is chased by the animal with a nose. The lion's power of

concealing himself from the eye is of no avail when the chase is up, for to the nose of the dog the cougar has left behind a reeking trail; and this trail, so faint to man, the dog seizes and winds up to the quarry itself.

II

Our party had a magnificent pack of hounds, led by old Hec, who had a history and a reputation. At five in the afternoon old Hec "opened," and every huntsman knew that the chase was up. Our leader made a quick dash in order to cut his fighting dogs out of the pack and save them for the finish. In a chase the trail is given to the fox-hounds, and when the animal is "treed," the fighting dogs are given liberty so that they can aid in the struggle that must ensue when the lion springs from the tree.

By some mischance, a loose stone or a snow-covered pit, Mr. Goff's horse, going at full speed, fell, caught his rider's foot and broke his ankle. The pack sped up the gorge on the trail. The horse clambered to his feet, but our guide lay stretched upon the snow. We lifted him on his horse and turned back to the ranch house, and one of the party took a different route for a doctor.

The pack had gone, and Mr. Goff said that if they treed a lion they would stay with him till the horn called them off or starvation raised the siege. If they chased for miles and lost the trail at last,

they might be days getting back to the ranch. And there was but one more day of our appointed time. It was concluded on all sides that the hunt was over.

Not a hound returned during the night, and there was nothing we could do the next morning but turn our lion hunt into a dog hunt. For this purpose we did not need rifles; but some of the party, from force of habit, carried revolvers. We mounted and rode to the scene of the accident, and from there followed the trail of the dogs where we could, guessing the direction, where we must.

A little after noon the dogs were dimly seen hundreds of feet above us, gathered around an old tree. When a shout was raised calling the dogs in, old Hec raised his nose in the air and made the welkin ring. The rest of the pack made a noisy, if not harmonious, chorus, and the hearts of the hunters began to beat rapidly. "A lion, sure," said one sanguine Nimrod. "A cat, at least," said another. "If I owned those dogs, money couldn't buy them," said another.

We put spurs to our horses and hurried up the mountain, and our spirits rose faster than our altitude. The opinion became universal that it was a lion, and a big one. In a few minutes more we had neared the tree considerably. Suddenly those of us who happened to be looking saw a tawny object flash through the air as the lion sprang from the tree to the ground.

There was a sharp, brief chase, accompanied by the baying of hounds, and the lion, close pressed, again took to a tree. How eager we were that he should keep his perch till we arrived on the scene. How we urged our horses! Soon we could see patches of the lion's skin and the dogs with upturned muzzles beneath the tree. A lucky rifle shot would have ended the matter, but our rifles were miles away. One of our party took a chance with a pistol shot. The lion sprang to the ground, knocked over two dogs that charged, and made a dash for liberty.

By this time the excitement was intense. The lion no doubt felt himself in desperate straits. The dogs had held the quarry all night in the bitter wind, and now the belated hunter had had a shot and had apparently done no execution.

The party rode nearer, and the hunter most advantageously situated took a shot with his pistol. The pack sprang at the lion, that is, the pack with the exception of Hec. He waited till the wild jumble of dogs and lion showed what he thought was an opening, then sprang to the attack.

The lion met it with a blow which might have shaken an ox, and Hec rolled down the mountain, his scalp and shoulder laid open in several places. The other dogs, one by one, and bearing various wounds, drew out, though they still stood guard. Old Hec gathered himself together and returned to the attack.

Now his savage instincts were on fire and he threw prudence to the winds. He sprang with full force against the lion's throat and the blow carried the lion over. Instantly the remainder of the pack jumped on the exposed parts of the lion's body. What happened in the next few moments no man may record. Charles Gibler, an old time hunter who has killed every kind of big game known to this generation in the United States, felt a hunter's instinct to save a faithful dog rising so strongly that he determined to take a part.

He jumped from his horse, took his revolver in his hand, and approached the fighting, bleeding group. When he reached a proper position he could not shoot for fear of killing a dog. He moved closer. The lion caught sight of the approaching hunter and at once abandoned the dogs and crept toward the man. Gibler stopped and looked steadfastly into the green eyes of the infuriated beast.

It seemed an age. Nearer and nearer crept the beast with slowly moving tail; still as a statue stood the man.

Now by its slow approach the lion had reached the point for a spring. It crouched closer to the ground. The spring and the shot seemed to be simultaneous. The lion fell dead within two feet of Gibler.

LEONARD LEMMON,

Courtesy of *Farm and Ranch*.

QUESTIONS

1. Where are the Rocky Mountains?
2. What is a snow circle? A cougar? A quarry?
3. What is meant by carnivora? Upturned muzzle?
4. What is the period of exemption by law? Is this a good law?
5. Why is man called the lord of creation?
6. Note carefully how the author begins this story. How he ends it. How does the body of the story differ?
7. What is a climax? Where is it in this story? How does the author secure it? How may you describe his style?
8. Write the story in your own composition, within one hundred and fifty words.

YOKONAH

When the night is dark and dreary,
  And the winds are loud and high,
And the fleeting clouds are drifting
  Swift athwart the leaden sky—
Then I hear a sad and plaintive
    Moaning sound,—
And my startled ear, attentive,
  Listens to catch the sigh profound,
For it comes from out the branches
  Of the sycamore that stands
Near my window waving towards me,
  What appears like ghostly hands.

For I look and see the outline
  Well-defined against the sky,
Waving high its arms in anguish
  As the stormy gust sweeps by,
And it seems an Indian warrior,
    One of old!
Such as those whose ancient glory,
  Still adown the ages roll,
And I see the mantle floating
  Round the tall, majestic form,
While his crested plume is waving
  With the wildly sobbing storm.

But a weariness o'ercomes me,
And I turn to rest and dreams,—
When against my window—hearken!
Like a finger-tip, it seems,
And I look, and lo! the Indian
Once again
Looms before me, and I see him,
Tapping on my window pane.
And he waves me to come near him,
And he sighs a mournful tale,
And his voice sounds weird and dreary
Mingled with the tempest's wail!

"I was once a mighty chieftain,
And Yokonah was my name;
I will tell thee of my valor,
For it means the Burning Flame;
And o'er all these wide-spread prairies,
With a band
Of my noble braves I wandered—
I was chieftain of the land.
But the Indians' day of glory,
Like the dying sun has set,—
Though it sheds a softened radiance
O'er the sky of mem'ry yet.

"Dost thou think, thou foolish pale face,
Thou art wiser in thy pride
Than my mighty band of warriors
When we trod these prairies wide?

Then, my eagle glance undaunted,
Scanned the plain,
And our foemen knew our valor
In their hosts of warriors slain;
Then our wampum belts were heavy
With their scalps all reeking—wet—
And their scattered tribes diminished,
Tell our tale of glory yet!

"But, alas, I could no longer
Wield my weapons as of yore,
And there stood one night a warrior
Just before my wigwam door,—
In the dim light, tall and shadowy,
He stood there,
And he waved me on to follow
To the Spirit Land most fair;
I was gathered to my fathers
In the Happy Hunting Ground,
But to thee I'll not discover
This deep mystery profound.

"And my form—they laid it gently
On my mother Earth's soft breast
While they chanted loud—compelling
Evil spirits from their guest.
And they placed my bow and arrow
In my hand,
For they knew that I would need them
In the happy hunting land;

But the centuries passed o'er me,
And my dust resolved once more
By a fixed decree of nature,
Then became this sycamore.

"But 'tis only when the tempest
O'er the night-winds wildly shriek,
That my spirit comes to quicken
This fair tree, that it may speak.
Now I swear thee, palefaced woman,
With a vow,
That ye tell my tale of triumph,
How, with spear and bended bow,
I have put to flight my foemen
On the war-path's deadly trail,
While within their camps resounded
Woman's agonizing wail!"

What is this? The day is breaking
And the storm has passed away,
And the East with rosy blushes
Heralds soft the coming day;
And I look to see the chieftain
Of the night,
But behold: his form is vanished
In the clear, revealing light,
And I would know that I would deem it
A delusion of the brain,
If his fingers were not tapping
Still upon my window pane!

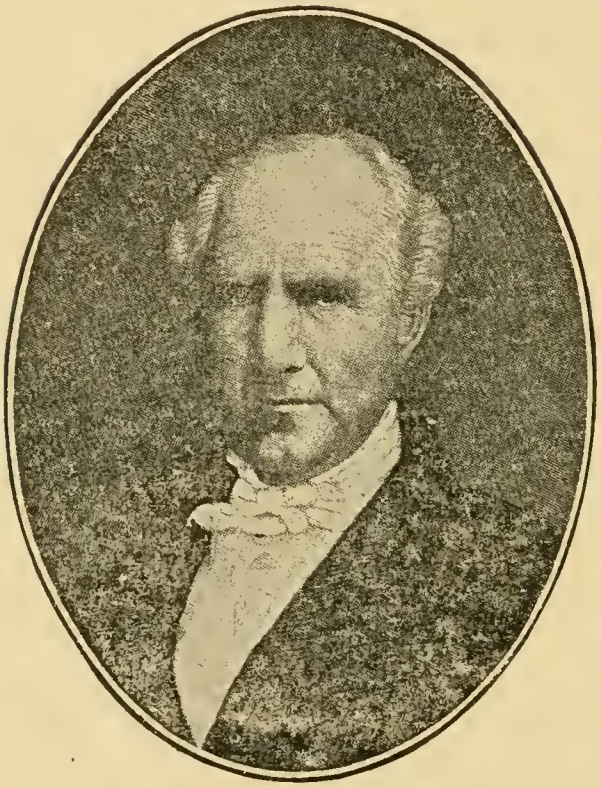
—Mrs. Fannie Baker Darden.

QUESTIONS

Note two features of this poem:

1. The natural phenomena as they occur; the dark night, the tree as the wind blows the branches against the window pane; then the storm passing and the sky clear when the sun rises.
2. The writer's dream as it connects itself with these happenings.
   Trace them carefully through the poem.
3. Could the scene of this be in Texas?
4. What interest is added by using such expressions as "one of old," "Ancient glory," "adown the ages roll," "the centuries passed o'er me"?
5. Can you draw a picture of the Indian chieftain? Or make a word picture of him?
6. What does his name mean?
7. Why did he have to disappear with the light?
8. In the third stanza from the last, what is meant by his dust's being resolved by a fixed decree of nature and becoming the sycamore?
9. In the stanza next to the last, why does the poet use the pronoun form "ye"?
10. How many lines in the stanza? How many syllables in the line?
11. Note what lines end with the same sound. What is this called?
12. Do you like the effect of the short fifth line? Why?

EULOGY ON FLACO, CHIEF OF THE LIPANS



SAM HOUSTON

My Brother:—My heart is sad. A dark cloud rests upon your nation. Grief has sounded in your camp. The voice of Flaco is silent. His words are not heard in council. The chief is no more. His life has fled to the Great Spirit. The eyes are closed. His heart no longer leaps at the sight of the buffalo! The voices of your camp are no longer heard to cry "Flaco has returned from the chase!" Your chiefs look down upon the earth and groan in trouble. Your warriors weep. The loud voice of grief is heard from your women and children. The song of birds is silent. The ears of your people hear no pleasant sound. Sorrow whispers in the winds. The noise of the tempest passes—it is not heard. Your hearts are heavy.

The name of Flaco brought joy to all hearts.

Joy was on every face! Your people were happy. Flaco is no longer seen in the fight; his voice is no longer heard in battle; the enemy no longer make a path for his glory; his valor is no longer a guard for your people; the right arm of your nation is broken. Flaco was a friend to his white brothers. They will not forget him. They will remember the red warrior. His father will not be forgotten. We will be kind to the Lipans. Grass shall not grow in the path between us. Let your wise men give the counsel of peace. Let your young men walk in the white path. The grey-headed men of your nation will teach wisdom. I will hold my red brothers by the hand.

Thy Brother,

Washington,
March 28, 1843.

SAM HOUSTON.

QUESTIONS

1. What is a eulogy?
2. Find out what you can about the Lipan tribe of Indians.
3. How did General Houston become so well acquainted with the Indians?
4. What part of Texas was inhabited by the Indians in Houston's time?
5. How did Houston treat the Indians after he became President of the Republic of Texas?
6. Notice the length of sentences; the references to birds, beasts, etc. Do these make the thought more interesting?

MINDING THE GAP

MRS. MOLLIE MOORE DAVIS

There's a radiant beauty on the hills—
The year before us walks with added bloom;
But ah! 'tis but the hectic flush that lights
The pale consumptive to an early tomb—
The dying glory that plays around the day
When that which made it bright hath passed away!

A mistiness broods in the air—the swell
Of east winds, slowly weaving Autumn's pall,
With dirge-like sadness, wanders up the dell;
And red leaves from the maple branches fall
With scarce a sound. What strange, mysterious rest!
Hath Nature bound the lotus to her breast?

But hark! a long and mellow cadence wakes
The echoes from their rocks. How clear and high
Among the rounded hills its gladness breaks
And floats, like incense, toward the vaulted sky!

It is the harvest hymn! a triumph tone
It rises like those swelling notes of old
That welcomed Ceres to her golden throne,
When through the crowded streets her chariot rolled.
It is the laborers' chorus! For the reign
Of plenty hath begun—of golden grain.

Her cheeks are flushed with triumph, as the fields
Bow to our feet with riches! How the eyes
Grow full with gladness as they yield
Their ready treasures! How hearts arise
To join with gladness in the mellow chime—
"The harvest time! The glorious harvest time!"

It is the harvest, and the gathered corn
Is piled in yellow heaps about the field;
And homely wagons from the break of morn
Until the sun glows like a crimson shield
In the far west, go staggering homeward bound,
And with the dry husks strew the trampled ground.

It is the harvest—and an hour ago
I sat with half closed eyes beside the "spring,"
And listened idly to its dreamy flow,
And heard afar the gay and ceaseless ring
Of song and labor from the harvesters—
Heard faint and careless as a sleeper hears.

My little brother came with bounding step,
And bent him low beside the shaded stream,
And from the fountain drank with eager lip
While I, half rousing from my dream,
Asked where he had spent this still summer day—
"Chasing the birds, or on the hill at play?"

Backward he tosses his golden head, and threw
A glance disdainful on my idle hands,
And with a proud light in his eye of blue,
Answered as deep his bare feet in the sands
He thrust and waved his baby hand in scorn—
"Ah, no; down at the cornfield since the morn
I've been minding the gap!"

"Minding the gap!" My former dream was gone,
Another in its place; I saw a scene
As fair as ever an autumn sun shone on—
Down by a meadow, large and smooth and green,
Two little barefoot boys, sturdy and strong
And fair, here in the corn, the whole day long,
Minding the gap!

Minding the gap! And as the years swept by
Like moments, I beheld those boys again;
And patriot hearts in their breasts beat high,
And on their brows was set the seal of men;
And guns were on their shoulders, and they trod
Back and forth, with measured tread, upon the sod,
Near where our army slept,
Minding the gap!

Minding the gaps! My brothers, while you guard
The open places where a foe might creep—
A mortal foe—oh, mind those other gaps—
The open places of the heart! My brothers,
keep
Watch over them!

The open places of the heart—the gaps
Made by the restless hands of Doubt and Care—
Could we but keep, like holy sentinels,
Innocence and Faith forever guarding there,
Ah, how much of woe and shame would flee
Affrighted back from their blest purity!

No gloom or sadness from the outer world,
With feet unholy then would enter in,
To grasp the golden treasures of the soul,
And bear them forth to sorrow and to sin!
The heart's proud fields—its harvests full and
fair!

Innocence and love, could we but keep them there,
Minding the gaps!

—Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis.

QUESTIONS

1. Read and re-read the first two stanzas closely to get the meaning.
2. What is a "hectic flush," and why does the writer refer to it here?
3. What time of the year is it?
4. Where does the writer represent herself to be?
5. Who interrupts her dream?
6. What conversation takes place?
7. Can you draw his picture, or describe him?
8. Where does he next appear to the reader? What is he doing?
9. What lessons of life does the writer draw from the harvest scene?
10. What is meant by "harvest home"?
11. Is this a Texas scene? Give reasons for your opinion.
12. Note how the number of lines in the stanzas vary. Do you find any explanation of this?

TEXAS

I crave not for her cities
  Nor towns where man hath trod,
But I love her lonely prairies,
  Her great wide skies of God.

I love her lazy rivers
  That wed the Mexique sea,
And oh, her heaven-born breezes
  Breathe rarest songs to me.

Oh, if I could but sing them,
  Could hymn pure Nature's bars,
Those songs would live forever
  And echo through the stars.

Would echo till the angels
  Attuned the free refrains,
And breathed celestial music—
  The poetry of the plains!

I love the Mesa mountains
  That woo the Texas skies,
'Neath azure veils of beauty,
  They dream of Paradise.

I love her sweeps of distance,
  Her drowsy miraged seas,
Her choirs of singing songsters,
  Her weeping bannered trees.

And when the sunset's laces
  Befringe the couch of night,
I love her royal pictures
  Of far eternal light.

Oh, if I could but paint them,
  Could hint the twilight's art,
What scenes of heavenly splendor
  Would gild each human heart.

Vain, vain such fond ambition,
  Man is but earthy sod,
His efforts are as nothing
  Beside the works of God.

Yes; you can have the city,
  Its fuss and fun and care;
Give me a life of freedom,
  'Midst castles in the air.

Your operas' stifled music
  Contains no songs for me—
I want the vibrant breezes,
  The anthems of the sea.

Give me the low of cattle,
The coyote's lone "ki-oo!"
The sighings of the Norther,
The owl's "Whit-tu-woo."

I ask not for companions
Whose presence might intrude;
My dearest friend is Nature—
I love the solitude.

Ah, who would then be richer?
My wealth is all divine—
The clouds, the stars, the prairies,
The world, the world, is mine!"

—Larry Chittenden.

QUESTIONS

1. What do you like best in this poem?
2. Is it a story, or a picture, or several pictures?
3. What is the Mexique sea?
4. What does he mean by the rivers wedding the sea?
5. What, by "Nature's bars"?
6. What do you understand by the "poetry of the plains"?
7. What is meant by "miraged seas"?
8. What are "weeping bannered trees"?
9. What difference does the poet find between the city and the prairie?
10. Who is his dearest friend? What does he mean?
11. Would you call this a *nature* poem?

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, THE FATHER OF TEXAS

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
  Honor and wealth with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
  When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains!

—Coleridge.

Stephen Fuller Austin was of all men who helped build our republic, the man whose wisdom, integrity, true courage, and steadfastness of purpose were the cornerstone, arch, and keystone of the structure—the very pledge and fulfillment of the promise of success. Yet he took no care of such things as recognition, praise, the verdict of posterity, etc.; content to build that others might inhabit, to sow that others might reap. For justice is a heavenly maiden, and, though coyly she may linger, she rarely loses sight of the true hero; and today, when the fame of other Texans have, like the eucalyptus, grown into giant trees, absorbing all the rivulets and rills into their shining foliage and stately trunks, she walks the waters no longer rocked by passion, strife, and invective, and pointing to the lotus, says, "The name of the founder of your greatness, the life and vitality of

your true hero—Stephen F. Austin—will be found inscribed on the jewel therein."

Stephen F. Austin is destined to be recognized by posterity as he was in life, as he was esteemed by his compatriots, not only as one of the wisest and purest of patriots, and most noble and unselfish of men, but he to whom Texas owes her existence today, and the foundation stone on which the glories of all her history were laid in the past. Gentle and refined as Hamilton, patriotic and incorruptible as Washington, gifted with the political prescience of Patrick Henry, calm and patient as William of Orange, he presents in his life a type of manhood that sheds honor not only upon his state, but upon the whole world.

Many have an idea of a rough, unlettered pioneer, a man fond of the excitements and dangers of a frontier life, half hunter, half soldier, going with equal valor into a deer hunt or an Indian fight. How contrary the facts! Small in stature, delicate in physique, modest in deportment, poetical in taste, refined and cultured, ever inclining more to books and the sweet voices of nature than the rough companionship of border men. Yet with moral courage and firmness of purpose that enabled him to meet the exigencies of every hour, and to conquer circumstances, making the most adverse of them the obedient servants of his will.

Of the parentage of Stephen F. Austin, nothing

need be said, as it is too well known to need repetition here; but to the philosophic mind which may agree with Herbert Spencer's theory advanced in his "History of Sociology," confirmation may be found in the long series of preparation for the "Man of Destiny," who was to work the task of planting a colony and nursing it into a stalwart nation of free and independent people. Every circumstance, in his father's and in his own life, moves on like the scenes in a Greek drama, over which an unseen, inscrutable, inexorable *necessity* presides. Fortune herself, sitting like the fabled Parcæ, while seemingly marring the web, yet bringing order and beauty, strength and perpetuity, unity and design into the fabric that eventually should become a flag of triumph to the oppressed—a gonfalon of hope and cheer to every weary, exiled patriot heart.

Born at Austinville, Virginia, on the third of November, 1793, he was six years old when the Spanish government conceded a league of land including the mine—a Barton mine—to his father, Moses Austin, who immediately moved his family to the then far away upper Louisiana, now included in the state of Missouri.

This was the cradle of the infant Stephen, fitting him to become the leader of his people in the promised land. His surroundings were in every way exceptional. The leaders of the community were men of birth, education, and refinement,

while the body of the people were brave, industrious pioneers, whose axes and rifles were speedily converting the wilderness into a garden, and making desert places bloom like the rose, their hostile neighbors, the Osage Indians, serving as a fine training school in all that watchfulness, self-reliance, coolness, and intrepidity which subsequent events in his life made so necessary, and of which he showed himself so conspicuous a possessor.

The years from 1804 to 1808 were spent in academic pursuits in Connecticut. Then returning to the West, he entered Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, and was proudly and fondly remembered for years afterward by his classmates for his scholarly attainments, gentlemanly bearing, and his high character of integrity and manly independence.

At this period the great financial loss of Moses Austin, growing out of the failure of a bank where he had large deposits, compelled him (by a nice sense of honor), to surrender his vast possessions; and in his fifty-fifth year, when most men are looking about for a quiet retreat in which to pass in rest the evening of their day, and would have been bowed to the earth in inert hopelessness by such a great and unexpected blow, he, true to the old "Mayflower blood," in his veins, rose in courage and determination commensurate with the hour.

Aside the dust cloud rolled—
The waster seemed the builder, too,
Upspringing from the ruined old
He saw the new.

Calling his son into consultation, he unfolded to him his great plan—*the colonization of Texas.*

The gulf coast, intersected by the Brazos and Colorado Rivers,—one of the Eden spots of the earth; soil rivaling that of the Nile; waters teeming with fish, mollusks, crustacea of every kind and description; forests full of game; a sky as bright and clear as that of Hellas, with a climate as soft and salubrious as that of fair Italy—had been selected by Moses Austin for settlement. After a thorough exploration, the son concurred in this opinion.

Governor Martinez requested Austin to prepare a plan for the distribution of the land to each settler. Austin did this, making one that was highly advantageous to the settlers, and at the same time regardful of their safety, which, in the wilderness condition of the country, required that the colony should be compact to secure safety against the Indians.

The basis of the plan was that each head of a family was to receive six hundred and forty acres of land; for the wife, three hundred and twenty; an additional hundred and sixty for each child, and eighty for each slave. When this plan had been presented in writing, Austin was granted au-

thority from the governor to promise each settler this quantity. He was also commissioned to exercise full authority in the local government of the colony until it should be otherwise organized.

When Austin returned to New Orleans, he made his designs public through the newspapers, inviting immigration, stating the number of acres granted each settler, also that every one must pay twelve and one-half cents per acre, Austin taking upon himself all expenses of surveying and all charges whatever in procuring titles, translating deeds, etc. This twelve and one-half cents was designed as a fund to supply poor immigrants with needed supplies, to construct defenses against the Indians, and to defray the expenses of local government.

Without entering into a detailed history of the settlement and noticing all the difficulties, privations, and dangers that were surmounted by the first immigrants, it is sufficient to say that such detail would present examples of inflexible perseverance and fortitude on the part of these settlers which have been seldom equalled in any country or in any enterprise.

The immigrants were compelled to pack corn from the Sabine or Bexar, and it was very scarce at the latter place. They were totally destitute of bread and salt; coffee, sugar, etc., were remembered and hoped for at some future day. There was no other dependence for subsistence but the

wild game, such as buffalo, bear, deer, wild turkeys, and wild horses (mustangs). The Indians rendered it quite dangerous ranging the country for buffalo, deer were very poor and very scarce, owing to a failure in the mast; and poor venison, as is well known, is the poorest and least nutritious of all meat. *Mustang horses,* however, were abundant, and it is estimated that one hundred of them were eaten in the first two years. The Karankaway Indians were very hostile on the coast; Wacos and Tauwankanies were equally so in the interior, and committed constant depredations. Parties of Takaways, Lipans, Baedies, etc., were intermingled with the settlers; they were beggarly and insolent, and only restrained the first two years by presents, forbearance, and policy—there was not force sufficient to awe them.

This little band, like Arnold Winkleried, were ready to offer their breasts for every adverse lance. With their shining axes they cleared the forests, cultivated the fields with their rifles on their backs, filled the echoes of the grand old woods with their lusty songs of cheer, rode to the battle with the grim determination of Cromwell's "Ironsides," and planted the woodbine and honeysuckle around the rude cabin doors with the tender grace of women. They were *sui generis,* and stamped like a die the character of Texans forever.

However, much in the ambition of their youth-

ful hearts they vie with each other—for no one will deny that these "Cæsars were ambitious"—they gracefully recognized the preeminent services of Austin, and always accorded him the palm of honor and gratitude, as the one who had blessed them by "labors, cares, and counsels for their good," and whose death shocked and oppressed.

The land which loved him so
That none could love him best.

—Mrs. Maude Fuller Young.

QUESTIONS

1. Repeat the opening stanza.
2. Do you understand how it applies to Austin?
3. Where and when was Austin born?
4. When and where did he die? Where is he buried?
5. Name three traits of his character.
6. Where did he attend school?
7. What wrong impression have many persons of this man?
8. What is a patriot?
9. Find out about Hamilton, Washington, Patrick Henry, William of Orange.
10. Give the names of some Indian tribes in Texas in Austin's time. Can you name some that are not mentioned in this selection?
11. Tell Austin's plan of planting a colony in Texas.
12. What right had he to do it? Can you find out what trouble arose over these colonies later?
13. Mention some of the privations of these early colonists.

THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER

"THE BEAUTIFUL SHIMMERING WATER"

A most fairy-like thing, winding in, winding out,
Over-shadowed by leaflets that quiver,
On the breezes which toss the clear wavelets about,
Flows the sweet San Antonio River.
Under bridges, by churches, by ruins most grand,
With its numerous gladsome surprises,
In its grandeur of landscape on every hand,
From the beautiful spring where it rises.

I sat down near the source, on one glorious day,
When the sweet mocking birds, a great number,
Were each piping forth its melodious lay,
And I think that I dropped into slumber,—

For up from the foxgloves of every hue,
From all points of those emerald bowers,
Groups of fairies came forth to my wondering view,
Quite as numberless as the sweet flowers.

One ran down to the spring with a wee larkspur cup,
(Oh, has nature a tinier daughter!)
And the pure little goblet she brimful filled up,
With the beautiful shimmering water.
Then I said, "Fairy Queen, can you tell me, I pray,
From whence comes this most glorious river?"
In a silvery voice replied the fairy fay:
"Yes, a woman's bright tear was the giver!

"In the ages agone lived a fairy queen,
And this sky over us was the cover,
And her carpet, like this, was a flowery sheen,
But her heart was possessed by a lover—
One as fickle as man in all ages has been,
When he finds a woman will love him,
And who turned from her arms yet another to win,
Ever longing for what was above him.

"For the god of the fays had a daughter as fair
And as pure as the light of the morning
And he fell in love with her beautiful hair,
Never heeding our time-honored warning,

'Should the child of a god ever mate with a fay,
Both are banished in the darkness forever.'
But the goddess and he thought to flee far away,
To some land where no more they would sever.

"It was here that the lovers were plighting their troth,
On this spot never pressed by a mortal;
But that instant the god sent his vengeance on both,
And direct from his heavenly portal,
A thunderbolt fell on the love plighted pair,
The green earth quickly rendering asunder,
And the fay and the goddess with the beautiful hair,
In the ruins were here buried under.

"A great crevice was all that was left to the view,
This was dark and unsightly and yawning,
Till the queen of the fairies in love ever true,
Stole alone to the brink at one dawning,
And, low kneeling beside, dropped a pitying tear,
Which has blessed this sweet gale through the giver,
For the tear grew at once to this spring, sweet and clear,
And the spring to the beautiful river.

"And e'er since that morning it went dancing away,
Woman's pitying tears have been flowing!"

I awoke—out of sight went the strange little fay,
But to where—it was not to my knowing.
Yet, as then, on its way, winding in, winding out,
Overshadowed by leaflets that quiver,
In the breezes that toss its clear wavelets about,
Flows the sweet San Antonio River.

—Mrs. Bella French Swisher.

QUESTIONS

1. Where is the San Antonio River? How does it rise?
2. What are wavelets? Does a small river have wavelets?
3. What birds are named in the poem? What flowers?
4. Write the fairy's story in your own words.
5. What are fays? What are fairies?
6. What was the time-honored warning?
7. What lesson does it teach to human people?
8. What about the poem do you like; story, melody, imagery, description?
9. If you were by the side of the river, do you think that you could see what the poet saw? How did she see it?
10. How much of the story do you think is true?
11. How many stanzas? How many lines to the stanza? Which of these end with the same sound? What do you call this similar sound?

THE STORY OF WARREN LIONS

Late in 1837, LaGrange on the Colorado was an outpost, Bastrop being the only settlement above. Northeast, and west to the Guadalupe, the country was still an unbroken wilderness. Southwest from LaGrange some sixteen miles and near the present line of the Sunset railway, lived the Lions family—early emigrants to Austin's colony from New York State—consisting of father, mother, a married daughter (Mrs. Wm. B. Bridges), and four sons: Seymour, George, DeWitt, and Warren, a boy thirteen years old. Some twenty miles further to the southwest, on the same road from LaGrange to Texana and Victoria and in the vicinity of the present town of Hallettsville, there was a number of settlers near the Lavaca, among them the names of Hallett Foley, Zumwalt, Heath, Kent and Jesse Robinson—comrades in arms and adventure of Captain Henry S. Brown in 1828–9.

In the summer of this year a raiding party of about thirty Comanches were discovered in the vicinity, descending from the mountain on their usual route toward Victoria, their trail being some fifteen miles west of the Lavaca settlement. The alarm spread, and a party of twelve or fifteen

was hastily made up without any leader, who struck and followed the Indians' trail. In a very few miles, on the waters of Little Brushy, perhaps twenty miles southwest of Hallettsville and in an open forest, they suddenly came upon the savages, who had camped, "staking out" some of their horses and "hobbling" others. It was raining at the time, and hence their approach was undiscovered till they charged with a view of stampeding the Indians' horses. With their bowie knives some of the party cut the ropes by which some of the horses were staked, while others sought to secure the hobbled animals. But the Indians outnumbering their assailants two to one, soon rallied and charged furiously to recover their horses. Against odds and in the absence of a leader, confusion ensued. Two or three Indians were wounded and Stiffier killed. The whites effected a retreat with a few of the horses, but the Indians followed them, and at Zumwalt's recaptured a portion of the animals during the night.

While admittedly suffering defeat, the settlers at least prevented an attack on Victoria. But the Indians, somewhat emboldened, sought another field for their operations. Deflecting to the northeast and rapidly covering the intervening distance of about forty miles, they suddenly appeared just after daylight at the Lions place. Mr. Lions and his son Warren had just arisen and entered the

cowpen to milk, while other members of the family were yet in bed. In a moment they killed and scalped the father, made captive the son, and gathering up a number of horses, belonging to Mr. Lions, left for their mountain fastnesses.

Ten long years rolled by, and beyond vague, unreliable rumors, no tidings were received of the lost boy. Relatives and friends gave him up and mourned him as one forever lost to civilization, perhaps dead,—all but the hoping and praying mother. She dreamed dreams and had visions of her darling baby child, and ever believed he would come back to her—believing that Providence in some way would restore her treasure.

In 1847, pending the Mexican War, a party of Comanches appeared at San Antonio on a trading expedition. It became known that among them was a young warrior, believed to be an American. Two neighbors of Mrs. Lions happened to be in San Antonio and, hearing of this rumor, determined to investigate the matter. In the young warrior of twenty-three, they found such a resemblance to the Lions brothers as to convince them that he was Warren Lions. An interview through an interpreter soon removed all doubt. They resolved, if possible, to take him home, but this required several days and much diplomacy. Warren well remembered his mother but believed she was dead. He had two young wives and did not wish to leave them. Numerous presents were

made to him, but still he remained obdurate till about the third day, when his consent was won by a present of two very fine red blankets—one for each wife, with which he adorned them with the pride of a true knight. He, however, only promised to visit his mother, and then return to his wives and his tribe. With that understanding he accompanied the gentlemen home, in the full garb of a wild Indian.

The Lions home stood just as he had left it, a double log house, on a prairie ridge, and visible from the west for two or three miles. Warren recognized it. When about two hundred yards from the house, the unsuspecting old mother stepped out in the yard in plain view of the approaching party. Her long hair, originally of flaxen color, had only assumed a whiter hue. Warren instantly recognized her and dashed forward, uttering the wild man's "wail of joy." Abruptly halting and dismounting, he sprang into the yard, weeping and gyrating in a manner so weird as to unnerve the dear old mother, till the two neighbors shrieked to her, "It is Warren, your lost boy!" Then she shouted praise to God and sought to encircle Warren in her arms, while he expressed his delight in Indian style, involving dancing, gesticulations, and those guttural indications of joy peculiar to the wild tribes.

Warren was resolved to fulfill his promise and return to his wives, but the whole country round

joined in schemes to detain him, but to no avail till his brother, DeWitt, induced him to accompany him, and join a company of rangers in Southwest Texas to fight the Mexicans. To this he assented, and this service gradually weaned him from his Indian habits, and reconciled him to civilization, ending in his marriage and domestic life; not, however, till he had participated in several engagements with the Indians, in which, like his brothers, he developed the characteristics of a courageous soldier. —James T. DeShields.

QUESTIONS

1. Trace the course of the Colorado River on the map.
2. Locate LaGrange, Bastrop.
3. Trace the road from LaGrange to Victoria.
4. Locate Hallettsville, Lavaca.
5. How long ago was this story? Show how Texas has changed in this period.
6. What is meant by staking out? Hobbling? Bowie knives? Stampeding? Gyrating?
7. Give the story of Warren Lions in your own words. Why did he wish to wear his Indian garb when he went to his mother's house?
8. How is it that he recognized his mother and she did not recognize him?
9. Tell something of the Comanche Indians.
10. What connection have the Mexicans with the story?
11. Notice the length of the sentences; the number of sentences in each paragraph. What is a paragraph?

GAY SPRING

(A tribute to little six-year-old Florence Duval)

Gay Spring, with her beautiful flowers,
Is robing the valleys and hills;
Sweet music is heard in the bowers,
And laughter is sent from the rills,
Oh, let me, while kindled by these,
The feelings of childhood recall,
And frame a soft sonnet to please
The fair little Florence Duval.

MIRABEAU LAMAR

The rose may be proud of its red,
The lily be proud of its white,
And the sweet-scented jessamines shed
Their treasures of fragrant delight;
Yet brighter and sweeter than these,
And far more enchanting than all,

Is the beautiful pink of Bellemont
The fair little Florence Duval.

Her locks are as white as the lint,
Her eyes are as blue as the sky;
Her cheeks have a magical tint—
A rainbow which never should die.
Oh, surely there's no living thing
That dwelleth in cottage or hall,
Can vie with the Peri I sing—
The fair little Florence Duval.

But why is she resting from her play?
And why is that tear in her eye?—
Alas! a bright bird on the spray
Is pouring his carols hard by;
Her spirit is drinking the song,
She weeps at the notes as they fall;
For genius and feeling belong
To fair little Florence Duval.

Oh, long may the Peri bloom on,
Still ever in gladness and love,
And blend with her genius for song,
The feelings that light us above.
That life may be lengthened and blest
And sorrows may never enthrall
Must still be the prayer of each breast
For fair little Florence Duval.

—Mirabeau Lamar.

QUESTIONS

1. Why should a poem to a little girl be given this title?
2. What is a "soft" sonnet?
3. What is meant by "the beautiful pink of Bellemont"?
4. She is compared to what flowers?
5. What is said of her hair? Her eyes? Her cheeks?
6. What is meant by "a Peri"? In what sense might Florence be called a Peri?
7. Why was the tear in her eye?
8. What wish did the poet express for her? What do you know of her later life?
9. What in this poem do you like best: the picture, the music of the line, or the sentiment of affection?

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA

Oh, lend to me, sweet nightingale,
  Your music by the fountains!
And lend to me your cadences,
  Oh, river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
  A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a princess' coronet—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
  The evening star how tender!
The light of both is in her eyes,
  Their softness and their splendor,
But for the lash that shades their light—
  They are too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them all is night—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

Oh, ever bright and beauteous one,
  Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
  The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
  The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more?
What though, too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever.
But who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set—
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

—Mirabeau Lamar.

QUESTIONS

1. This is one of the most widely known poems of early Texas literature. To what do you think its popularity is due?
2. Is "Mendoza" the name of a person, a river, or a country? Give reasons for thinking as you do.
3. What are cadences? What is a princess' coronet? What effect do such illustrations have on the reader?
4. Do you like this poem better than "Gay Spring"? Why?
5. To what different things is the young lady compared?
6. Write a description of her.
7. What lines are paired off by rhyme?

A PRAIRIE SUNSET

You have doubtless often read of a sunset at sea, but I presume you have never read of a sunset on the prairie.

Splendid as is the former, it does not eclipse the latter. When far away from home and kindred, upon the bosom of the mighty deep, I have sat and watched the orb of day as he slowly sank into his ocean bed and thought the world could not afford another sight as beautiful. But when upon the wide prairie night approaches the beholder, and the dazzling, golden rays of the sun begin to redden; and the mighty day-god lays aside his piercing appearance and permits the eye of man to gaze upon him with impunity, then, indeed, the soul is filled with wonder at the sublimity of the scene. The gorgeous clouds form a rosy pathway for him to tread, as he walks downward into his bed of flowers and verdure. Around him float airy, purple clouds, while beneath, are others tinged with the riches of vermilion.

As he sinks slowly down, he resembles a huge ball of fire falling amidst the grass of the prairie. When at length the sun is hid for the night, the fleecy clouds float for a few moments beneath the azure sky, and then disappear.

Then the bright silver stars come peeping forth, one after another, gladdening the eye with their twinkling light. Then comes up the full, round moon, attended by myriads more of bright stars, into the firmament already studded with these gems. Soon the light is sufficiently bright to enable the student to continue his labors by the moon's rays. He who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, cannot look upon a scene like this unmoved.

The wide prairie, which lies spread out on every side, is here and there relieved by a clump of trees, which serve to render the scene enchanting. Poets have often sung of the beauty of Italian skies, but those who have seen them both, pronounce ours equally beautiful. It does not appear to me to be possible that there can be a land more lovely than Texas.

—W. B. DeWees,
In *Letters from Texas.*

QUESTIONS

1. In what is the prairie and the sea alike? In what, different?
2. In a description what advantages would the prairie give over the sea?
3. What is meant by "the mighty day-god"? What by "vermilion"?
4. Write your own description of a prairie sunset.

SABINE BOAT SONG

The moon above, like a maiden in love,
Looks timidly down at her face in the stream,
While together we two in our open canoe
Glide away from the shore, in a dream, in a dream,
Glide away from the shore in a dream.

With the moon overhead and the stars overhead
And the moon and the stars in the mirroring
stream,
Oh, love, we will float in our Indian boat,
Away from the world in a dream, in a dream,
Away from the world in a dream.

Oh, hark to the song as we hurry along,
The song from the cypress that leans to the
stream;
'Tis the same magic bird that the Indians heard,
And called it the bird of a dream, of a dream,
And called it the bird of a dream.

Oh, love, it is here, in the Southland dear,
That the waters are sweetest in life's deep stream;
It is here, that we, 'neath the orange tree,
Will make it come true, our dream, our dream,
Will make it come true,—our dream.

—Ernest Powell.

QUESTIONS

1. Where does Mr. Powell live?
2. What are his favorite subjects?
3. To what is the moon compared? Why?
4. Who are in the boat? Where are they going?
5. Describe some of the things about them.
6. Why does the poet repeat certain expressions?
7. What is it that he calls the "bird of a dream"?
8. Tell something of an "Indian boat."
9. How many lines in each stanza?
10. Where do you think this scene is to be found? Why do you think so?
11. Tell the story in prose.
12. Memorize the poem.

OUR NAMELESS NATION

MRS. M. M. JOUVENAT

I know a land whose story
Of sacrifice and pain,
Dwells in pathetic glory
Like some remembered strain,
Whose notes, forever flying,
Repeat their sacred themes
In sighing echoes, dying,
And fading into dreams.

Oh, loved and vanished nation,
Nameless and lost for aye;
With loving iteration,
With carven stone and bay,
With monumental splendor,
Their memory to bless,
Though vain our hope to render
The fulgor of success.

Long shall the deathless story
Be told of the young and brave
Who sleep in tragic glory
In many a nameless grave;
And long shall this land be cherished
In her children's loving hearts—
Though her boundaries have perished
From human maps and charts.

For the blood that flowed like a river
And sank in the earth away
Is part of her sod forever
And throbs in our veins today.
And long as the sky's soft arches
Are panoplied with gold,
The thrill of those gallant marches,
The deeds of those heroes bold—

Shall dwell in our hearts' devotion
And grow as the leaves unfold
Till our sunny land by the ocean
Shall stand mid the nations old;
And the fame of that nameless nation
On history's page shall shine
As our heroes' grand oblation
In our hearts have found a shrine.

—Mrs. M. M. Jouvenat.

QUESTIONS

1. What land is referred to in the first stanza?
2. What is meant by "pathetic glory"? "Carven stone"? "Bay"? "Fulgor"?
3. What heroes are referred to in the fourth stanza?
4. Write a composition on the stories of these heroes.
5. Note the rhyme in this poem.
6. Could you omit a stanza and still have the sentiment complete?
7. How many lines in each stanza?
8. How many syllables in each line?

THE WHISTLE OF THE "BOB WHITE"

When I was a little boy I tried through many summers to imitate the whistle of the "Bob White," to no avail. I have known several fellows in my life who could give a very fair imitation of the bird, but it doesn't make a fellow sit up and take notice to hear the whistle when he is looking for it. The time when it sounds good and puts your very soul on the wide-a-wake, is when you are walking along the road just before sundown, meditating upon the profound problems of life. Everything is still, night is drawing near. All at once, the "Bob White," sitting on the old rail fence, just the other side of a wild grape-vine from you, will whistle in his clear notes and set your heart throbbing and bring back a string of memories that had slept for years.

To most people the whistle of the "Bob White" is simply a whistle and always sounds the same; but in point of fact, the "Bob White" whistles with his feelings, with his soul, just as men and women sing. Sometimes his whistle is the blithe, hopeful song of early morning, when a glorious day is before us, and again it is the tender sigh of a tired mother, after a day of care and the little troubles of life.

A few days ago, I was out on a country road just before sunset. I was walking along, discussing in my mind the opinions of learned men upon certain technical and scientific things. The picture I was contemplating was dull and uninteresting, but of a sudden a "Bob White" whistled on a fence near me, and his mate answered in plaintive tone from out in the wheat field, as if she were telling her lord that it was late and time for him to come home and help her cuddle her little ones to sleep.

Immediately the dull prospect passed away, and before my mental vision opened a grand picture as large as memory itself. I saw great fields of waving, golden grain. Here was a field of shocks where the wheat had been cut. There was a large block of gold with a margin of brown stubble and scattered bundles around it where the harvesters had been at work. Two little boys were walking along the "turnin' row," each carrying a tin bucket on his arm, going toward the old red farmhouse, where they could hear the cows lowing and the little calves plaintively bleating a request for their belated evening meal. The peace of God's own love rests over the scene, and a "Bob White," sitting on the old orchard fence, whistles to his mate in tender tones as if reassuring her that it will not rain tonight, because the sun is peeping like a bright and fiery eye from beneath the threatening cloud in the west, and "Bob White" seems saying

to his mate, as we humble country folks were wont to say, "It won't rain tonight, because the sun is settin' clear."

As the two little lads walked along the dusty way, the smaller one stopped and began to cry. His brother set down his bucket, and examining into the trouble, found that he had stepped on a "bull nettle" that had been lying in the sun and had become dry and hard. He picked the "stickers" out of the little fellow's foot the best he could, and the two little lads took up their buckets and started homeward, leaving two round rings in the dust of the "turnin' row" where the buckets had been and a lot of barefoot tracks around them. As they went on their way the little boy lagged behind and limped on account of the nettles that his brother couldn't find in his dirty brown foot. They came to the orchard fence, and when the larger one had peered into the "rag-weeds" for possible snakes, climbed over the old rail fence and disappeared among the spreading apple trees.

When my picture boys had disappeared, I stood there in the road, pondering the last glimpse of the little boy's tear-stained face, and saying to myself, "Where have I seen that picture before? Where was it?"

The bird whistled again, and behold the picture came again. The little boys had disappeared in the orchard, and as I stood by the roadside in the gloaming I heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw

the hale old farmer with his shoulders slightly bent and iron-grey hair, and one of the "harvest hands" walking toward the house and discussing the probable yield of a certain block of grain, each carrying a water jug in his hand. As they drew near me the farmer said: "I thought I saw the boys come along the road a little while ago."

"Yas, sir," said a negro boy, who was walking along behind with a sickle on his shoulder, "dey did come along hyar, I seed 'em when dey clomb de fence right dar by dat little ellum bush. Spec' dey took a nigh cut froo de orchum 'count er de big snake track 'tween hyar an' de 'turnin' row,' " and the negro's white teeth and eyeballs glowed in the twilight.

Again the scene changed, and the farmer and his men passed on toward the barn, but still I stood and wondered where I had seen those things before.

Hearing heavy footfalls, I looked again and beheld two great draught horses coming down the road. The chains were rattling and the horses were taking occasional bites from bunches of grain that grew by the way. Upon one of the animals a youth was riding. He appeared to be in deep study, and was saying to himself, "I am not afraid to work. I don't mind the dirt and the grease about the reaper. I don't flinch like a girl when the nettles stick me in binding the grain with my hands, but I just don't want to be a farmer.

Something tells me that there is other work for me to do." Thus he soliloquized as he passed me and followed the others toward the farmhouse in the twilight.

Then I knew, ah! yes, I knew where I had seen that picture before, and as I pursued my way on in the early twilight, I pondered it. Every man in the world can't be a farmer, but if every man in our great nation could hear the "Bob White" whistle, and could see the harvest fields at sunset; if we all could have the thrilling note of that bird to awaken our hearts until we saw the tear-stained faces of our little brothers, while picking the nettles from their feet; saw the bended form of father as he wended homeward after a day of toil for his loved ones; saw the faithful hired man and the grinning, single-minded negro boy that followed him homeward as the shadows fell; saw brother pass in the gloaming, as he rode old Charley to the lot. If all, everyone, the banker in his counting-house, the merchant in his store, the statesman in his councils, the lawyer at the bar and the preacher in the pulpit, could see those scenes again and hear "The Whistle of the Bob White," even once a year, the world would be far better. There would be more patriots and fewer politicians; more honesty and less practice for lawyers; more smiles and laughter and less sorrow; more love and tenderness and less hate and malice.

If I had the promise of only one prayer that might be answered, it should be, "Oh, God, show the men of our nation the harvest fields at sunset, and let them hear 'The Whistle of the Bob White'; so the curtain of time will roll back and permit them to see sweet scenes that will soften their hearts and make their souls fallow ground for receiving seeds of good!"

—Jesse Edward Grinstead.

QUESTIONS

1. What is referred to as "Bob White"?
2. What is the best time to listen to him? Why?
3. Why is it so difficult to imitate the bird?
4. How does the writer interpret his whistle?
5. In the fourth paragraph, the writer goes back to his own childhood. Write his story in your own words.
6. Why would the world be better if every man could listen to the whistle of "Bob White" at least once a year?
7. What do you think about it? Write your answer.

THE BELLS OF BOSCASTLE

The sky is vanished from the world,
Nor even a shadow lingers more,
But through the dark upon the wind
I hear the winds upon the shore.

It was four hundred years agone,
The bay, it mirrored every star,
And 'mid the stars the captain saw
The lights upon the harbor bar.

The captain smote his brawny chest,
" 'Tis I that brought," quoth he,
"The bells from Fraunce, nor asked for help
Christi's moder dear, Mari."

The captain glared, the seamen stared,
The wind is on the waste,
The stars are dimmer one by one,
The pilot crosseth him in haste.

The fierce wind bringeth thicker night,
The black waves beat against the sky,
Ye cannot see the signal lights,
Ye cannot hear the sailors cry.

The bells of Fraunce upon the prow
Will never in the belfry hang,
And now they jangle as they toss
A mad, wild clang.

Upon the sands the seamen's bones
'Mid the white corals lie,
And in their midst the bells of Fraunce
Still ring them ceaselessly.

The lithe sea-maidens circle round,
And dance within their wake,
And strange sea-things abide to hear
The melodies they make.

And thus for sinful souls they pray
Christi's moder dear, Mari,
And sailors hear them far and near
Go ringing in the sea.

—Stark Young.

QUESTIONS

1. Who is the author? Where does he teach? Name some of the books that he has written.
2. Give the story in your own words.
3. Where is Boscastle? Why are the bells there?
4. What is your impression of the captain?
5. Why did the pilot cross himself in haste?
6. What became of the seamen? Of the captain?
7. Did he deserve his fate? Why?

8. Who are the "sea-maidens," and what are they represented as doing?
9. Can you think of some other "strange sea-things"?
10. How is this poem different from the "Sabine Boat Song"?
11. Which do you like better? Can you tell why?
12. How many lines in each stanza?
13. Why does the author use words like Fraunce, Christi, moder?
14. When is this incident represented as occurring? What time of day?
15. Do you believe this to be a true story? Why?

A MOTHER'S SONG

Hast thou not seen the quiet blue
That bends from out the quiet skies,
And watcheth thee the long day through?
It is thy mother's eyes.

Hast thou not seen the tender sun
That lights the heaven there above,
And sends the stars when day is done?
It is thy mother's love.

Hast thou not heard each leaf and tree
Forget the daytime's heat and noise,
While sleep comes stealing over thee?
It is thy mother's voice.

—Stark Young.

QUESTIONS

1. Imagine the mother talking to the little child.
2. What is said of the mother's eyes?
3. What does the mother's love do?
4. What is the effect of the mother's voice?
5. What in return should the child do for the mother? Do you?

THE COUNCIL HOUSE FIGHT

On Tuesday, March 19, 1840, sixty-five Comanches came into the town of San Antonio to make a treaty. They brought with them, and reluctantly gave up, Matilda Lockhart, whom they had captured with her younger sister, in December, 1838, after killing two others of the family. The Indian chiefs and men proceeded to the courthouse where they met the city and military authorities. Captain Tom Howard's company was the first in the courthouse yard. The Indian women and boys came in there, too, and remained during the pow-wow. The young Indians amused themselves shooting at pieces of money put up by some of the Americans.

I went over to Mrs. Higginbotham's, whose place adjoined the courthouse yard, and we watched the young savages through the picket fence.

This was the third time the Indians had come for a talk, pretending to seek peace and trying to get ransom money for their American and Mexican captives. Their present proposition was that they should be paid an enormous price for Matilda Lockhart and a Mexican they had just

given up, and that traders be sent with paint, powder, flannel, blankets, and such other articles as they should name, to ransom the other captives. This course had been adopted once before, and when the traders reached the Indian camp, the small-pox broke out amongst them. They killed the traders, saying that they had introduced the disease to kill off the Indians. After the slaughter they had retained both the captives and the goods.

Now, the Americans answered, "We will keep four or five of your chiefs, and the others of you shall go to your nation and bring all the captives here; then we will pay all you ask for them. Meanwhile, the chiefs that we hold we will treat as brothers, and not one hair of your heads shall be injured. This we have determined upon, and if you resist our soldiers shall shoot you down."

The Comanches instantly, and as one man, raised a terrific war whoop, drew their bows and arrows, and commenced firing with deadly effect, at the same time trying to break out of the council hall.

The order, "Fire!" was given by Captain Howard, and the soldiers fired into the midst of the crowd. The first volley killed several Indians and two of our own people. Soon all rushed out into the public square, the civilians to procure arms, the Indians to escape, and the soldiers in close pursuit.

The Indians generally struck out for the river. Soldiers and citizens pursued and overtook them at all points. Some were shot in the river and some in the streets. Several hand-to-hand encounters took place, and some Indians took refuge in stone houses and closed the doors.

When the deafening war whoop sounded in the court room, it was so loud and shrill, so sudden and inexpressibly horrible, that we women, looking through the fence cracks, for a moment could not understand its meaning. The Indian boys, however, recognized its meaning and turning their arrows upon Judge Robinson and other gentlemen standing near by, slew the judge on the spot.

We fled precipitately, Mrs. Higginbotham into her house and I across the street to my Commerce Street door. Two Indians rushed by me on Commerce Street, and another reached my door and turned to push it just as I slammed it to and beat down the heavy bar.

I rushed into the house and in the north room found my husband and my brother Andrew sitting calmly at a table inspecting some plats of surveys. They had heard nothing; I soon gave them the alarm, and hurried by to look after my boys. Mr. Maverick and Andrew seized their arms. Mr. Maverick rushed into the street and Andrew into the back yard where I was, now shouting at the top of my voice, "Here are Indians! Here are Indians!"

Three Indians had gotten in through the gate on Soledad Street and were making toward the river. One had stopped near Jinny Anderson, our cook, who stood bravely in front of the children—mine and hers. She held a great stone in her hands, lifted above her head, and I heard her cry out to the Indian, "G'way from heah, or I'll mash your head with this rock!" The Indian seemed regretful that he hadn't time to dispatch Jinny and her brood; but his time was short, and, pausing but a moment, he turned and rushed down the bank, jumped into the river, and struck out for the opposite shore.

As the Indian hurried down the bank my brother ran out in answer to my calls. While the Indian was swimming, Andrew drew his unerring bead on him. Another Indian was climbing the opposite bank and was about to escape, but Andrew brought him down also. Then Andrew rushed up Soledad Street, looking for more Indians. Not one of the sixty-five Indians escaped. Thirty-three were killed and thirty-two taken prisoners.

—Mrs. Sam Maverick.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the Council House? Where was it located? Describe it.
2. Find out what you can about the Indian tribes of Texas.
3. What was the disposition of the Comanches?

4. Why were the Indians at the Council House at this particular time?
5. What started the trouble in the Council House? Who was to blame for it?
6. Give an account of the battle. What part did the author have in it?
7. Describe the Indian boys.
8. Tell of the cook, Jinny Anderson.
9. What was the result of the fight?
10. What is meant by "drawing a bead"?
11. Have you ever been to San Antonio? Has it changed much from what it was in the early days? What famous building is there?
12. What interests you most in this story—the people, or what they did?

SPANISH MOSS

SPANISH MOSS

The forest leaves are turning red and falling,
  Leaving the old trees bare;
And through the boughs the autumn winds are sighing;
  Winter is drawing near.

Yet, twining around, the branches nude enwrapping,
  The gray moss closer clings,
Faithful and true in winter as in summer,
  Its love and friendship springs.

Oh, good gray moss, may I ever have near me,
  As thou so true a friend,
Amid life's storms, as when 'tis calm—as faithful,
  As constant to the end.

And when life's weary pilgrimage is ended,
  My tomb with flowers wreathe,
As thou, the old tree loving, mournful, sighing,
  Enclasps it still in death!

—FRIENCH SIMPSON.

QUESTIONS

1. Why does the poet call the old gray moss good?
2. What is Spanish moss?
3. Why should he liken it to a friend?
4. What does he desire to be done at his death?
5. Try writing this poem in prose form. Do you gain or lose by the change?

A CHILD'S GAME

Nor sleep, nor journey, nor affray,
  Can justly image death to me;
I am a little child, and Death
  The one who lets you go and see.

All children in a darkened room;
  And Death stands smiling at the door.
His finger on his lips, and says
  So quietly, "Now, one child more."

I have so longed and longed to know
  What lovely things the children find
When they have gone beyond the door;
  But not a child that's left behind,

Has ever been; for when they go,
  He will not ever let them back;
And when he beckons them and we
  Stand tiptoe, watching for the crack,

Our strange, sweet playmate steps between
  And will not let us see at all;
He smiles at our expectancy
  With "You may come, too, when I call."

And oh, within the darkened room
I have so longed and longed to know
Just what it is they see and learn—
The other children, when they go!

Do you suppose that I shall feel
Afraid, to see him look at me
At last, and beckon with his hand,
And smile, "Now, *you* may go and see"?

—Mrs. Karle Wilson Baker.

QUESTIONS

1. The author represents our departure from this world as a game where Death opens the door and bids us go. Notice how attractive she makes that final scene.
2. Write out the game as she gives it.
3. Why is it that we cannot see beyond the door, or through the crack?
4. What do you think the children do after they have passed through the door?
5. The door is the entrance to what place?
6. What question is asked in the last stanza?

A PIONEER SCHOOL

In the fall of 1828 a company of about sixty men, women and children left New York for Texas. In this number was a young school teacher by the name of T. J. Pilgrim. They traveled in wagons and by boat until they reached New Orleans. From that place they crossed over to Matagorda, and from there to their destination, San Felipe de Austin. There Mr. Pilgrim met the great empresario, Stephen F. Austin. His narrative thus continues:

"I soon engaged in teaching, and succeeding in a short time in raising a school of about forty scholars, mostly boys, with expressive and intelligent countenances who were easily controlled, and some of whom gave indications of future greatness and usefulness. Contemplating in imagination what Texas, from its great natural advantages, must soon become, I felt the necessity of moral and religious, as well as intellectual culture, and resolved to make an effort to found a Sunday school.

"A lecture was delivered each Sunday morning, intended for both old and young. To hear these lectures, people came from the distance of ten miles. Let us for a moment contemplate this Sunday school. In a black-jack and post-oak grove

near the centre of the town is a rude log cabin about eighteen by twenty-two feet, the roof covered with boards held down by weight poles, the logs unhewn, and the cracks neither chinked nor battened, a dirt floor, and across it several logs hewn on one side for seats. At one end stands the superintendent, a mere stripling, and before him are about half a dozen ladies and gentlemen as teachers, and thirty-two children.

"The same superintendent still lives and still labors in the delightful task of training the young in the Sunday school; and as he contemplates in imagination the five and a half millions of children now being trained in the Sunday schools of the United States, and then looks forward down the long corridors of time, when these children shall be the actors in the great drama of life, he sees the dawn of that happy day, foretold by seers and prophet, when the knowledge of God shall cover the whole earth." —T. J. Pilgrim.

QUESTIONS

1. See if you can find New York City on your map.
2. Were there many people in Texas in 1828? Who, principally?
3. What was an empresario?
4. Write a short story of Stephen F. Austin.
5. Describe that school house.
6. How have things changed today?
7. Describe the church where you go to Sunday school.

THE RAIN FROG

All day long a little frog,
  Sat, and blinked with beady eyes,
On an old and moss-grown log;

All day long, within the deep,
  Brazen and unruffled sea
Lay the wind in death-like sleep;

All day long the birds sang not
  But sat, stifling in the trees,
For their throats were dry and hot.

But at even with voice most shrill,
  Cried the frog to God for rain;
And his voice would not be still.

To his cry the answer came;
  God spake from the moving cloud
Thunder-voiced with tongue of flame,

And the rain fell, full and free;
  And the flowers all drank their fill,
And the birds sang in their glee,

And the sun sank out of sight,
  And the wind came in from the sea,
'Neath God's bow with glory bright;

And, that night, a little frog,
  Sat and mused the grace of God
On an old and moss-grown log.

—JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

QUESTIONS

1. Give the story of Mr. Sjolander's life.
2. What characterizes his poetry?
3. Note the correctness and refinement of his expressions to be very remarkable in a foreigner without an English education.
4. Where does he live?
5. How does the poet picture to us the intense drought?
6. What elements of nature appear in his picture?
7. What animal is selected as the center of the picture?
8. Could he have made a better selection?
9. What is a rain frog? How does it differ from a tree frog?
10. Describe the rain storm.
11. Why does the poet represent the rain as an answer to the frog's prayer?
12. Can frogs pray? What does the poet mean?
13. Try to draw a pencil picture of the little frog.

SWINGING SONG

Comes a bird-note softly calling,
Sweet! O sweet!
'Tis a love-song, pure, enthralling,
And complete.
Into some one's heart 'tis falling,
Doubt to cheat.
Up we go,
Swaying, swinging,
Down we go,
Closer clinging!

Through the blue the clouds are drifting,
Oh, so slow!
Through the tree-tops, moving, shifting,
To and fro;
Summer's sun gold-dust is shifting
All aglow!

Light of heart as any feather,
Now we swing;
But when cares and wintry weather
Shadows bring,
Passing, love, through life together,
Still we'll sing;

Up we go,
Swaying, swinging,
Down we go,
Closer clinging!

—John P. Sjolander.

QUESTIONS

1. The poet represents the bird in the forest as singing to his mate. The second stanza gives the picture: The clouds drifting over the blue sky, the sunlight, shifting through the tree-tops. The poet hears the song of the bird, and receives it as a message into his own life. So he sings to his mate in the third stanza.
2. Do you catch the swinging movement of the song, suggesting the swinging of the bird on the bough of the tree, as the summer breeze blows through the forest?
3. Note that the sentiment is one of joy—the joy of companionship, bringing loving hearts closer together.
4. Memorize the poem. See if you can sing it.

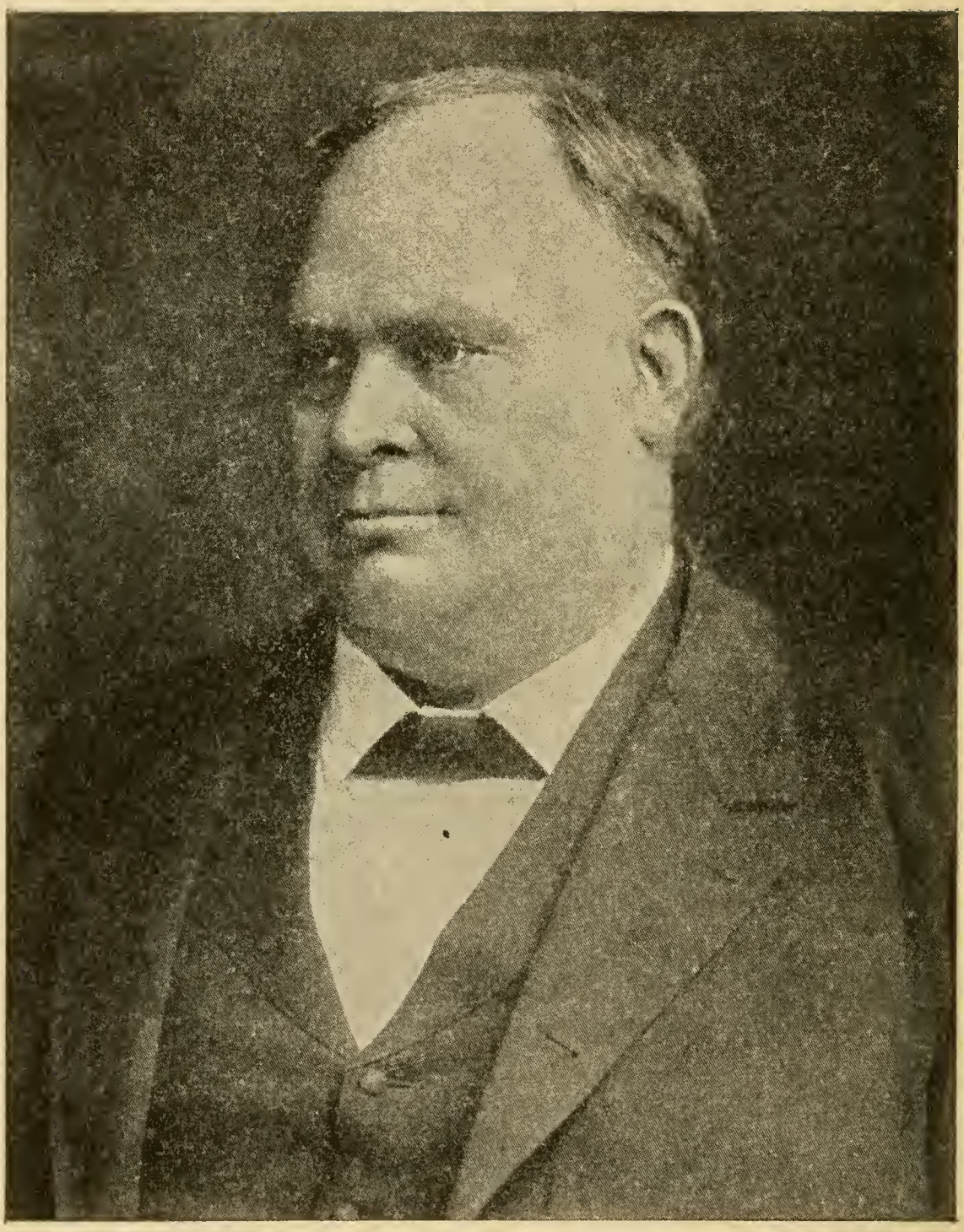
JAMES STEPHEN HOGG

THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

MISS KATIE DAFFAN

The mention of the name, James Stephen Hogg, brings a brightening to the eye and a quickening to the heart of Texans. Magnetic leadership, when it is directed to all that is good, enduring, true and steadfast, when it inspires the best impulses in men and stimulates them to action, is a gift from God and fulfills his law and plans for us. A great leader whose powers are directed for good is a benefactor to mankind, bringing understandings, growth and good-will, excluding selfishness, vanity, love of display, and all useless burdens to the people.

By nature a great leader was James Stephen Hogg, and his true motive was genuine love for the people and an unselfish interest in their wel-



JAMES STEPHEN HOGG

fare. To the young men of Texas, because of his industry, ability and determination to conquer difficulties, his truthfulness and rugged simplicity, his life will ever be an inspiration. By his faithfulness to every trust, great and small, his fearless and aggressive honesty, his earnestness and plain speech, he won and deserved the respect of all who came near him.

The hardships, privations, self-sacrifices and well-fought battles of his earlier years purified the gold of his character, for in his youth time there was little ease and idleness. Of great hope, great ambitions and a determination to make a man of himself by overcoming every difficulty, he struggled, on and on, preparing himself in the valuable schools of patience, endurance, self-understanding, broad sympathy and faith in God. His was a life of unstinted labor, increasing effort, great proportions and great results.

From the first bread-winning struggle of a poor boy to the brightest place in the hearts of his people there was a steady, wholesome growth. It is all real, human, delightful, and helpful.

Endowed physically and mentally with the materials which make greatness by the natural law of development, greatness came to him; it was his inheritance. He was great by nature, not by chance, circumstance, or accident. Under all circumstances he would have been a great man; for, under all circumstances, favorable or unfavorable,

pleasant or unpleasant, he would have been himself, with an individuality, a unique bearing and a presence all his own.

As justice of the peace, county attorney, district attorney, attorney general, or governor, his service was signalized by a fearless interpretation of duty, with no hesitation to incur "the ill will of the lawless."

During the years of his public service, crowded with labor and honor, he was first, last, and always the friend of the people; their well-being was his first thought; he believed in the aristocracy of brain and heart, and nothing could wean from him the esteem, the confidence, the love of the common people. All who were worthy, were welcome in his presence; it was only those whom he considered the enemies to right and truth whom he positively refused to call his friends. Among his friends were some of the truest patriots of his time.

His private life was without reproach and his home was of the kind which is the foundation of all solid national governments, love, faith in God, and consideration, one for the other, blessing it.

Among this good man's devoted friends were little children; there was a tenderness and a sweetness in his nature, and little ones who seem to know intuitively who is good, loved and trusted him. He was probably more generally loved than

any other man who ever lived in Texas, having an absolute hold upon the hearts of the people.

He was a thorough and an adoring Texan and a superb product of this State!

James Stephen Hogg, of Scotch-Irish descent, was born on the 24th day of March, 1851, near Rusk, Cherokee County, Texas. His father, Joseph Lewis, and his mother, Lucinda McMath Hogg, moved to the republic of Texas in 1839, locating first near Nacogdoches. Joseph Lewis Hogg represented his district in the Eighth Texas Congress, which held its session at Old Washington; in 1843 and 1844, he was a delegate to the annexation convention which sat at Austin on July 4, 1845, and a member of the state Senate of the first Texas legislature in 1846. Senator Hogg resigned his seat in the Senate to give volunteer service under Governor Henderson's leadership in the Mexican War. At the close of the war he resumed his seat in the Senate. He voted for secession and joined the Confederate army in 1861, with a commission as brigadier-general from President Davis. He died in May, 1863, while commanding his brigade at Corinth.

At the age of eleven, James Stephen, left an orphan, was thrown upon his own resources. After attending school for a short time he left Cherokee County and went to Longview, where he obtained employment as "devil" in a printing office. He saved enough money to buy the printing

outfit, which he moved to Quitman, Wood County, and became the editor of the *Quitman News*. He studied law at night and whenever he could spare the time from the paper, and was admitted to the bar of Wood County in 1874, aged twenty-four years.

Having successfully served as justice of the peace, in 1878 he was elected county attorney of Wood County, and in 1880 he was elected district attorney of the Seventh Judicial district.

After four years of satisfactory service he moved to Tyler, where he devoted himself exclusively to his private practice. He became candidate for attorney general in 1886, was elected, and filled this very important office with distinction for four years.

His administration as attorney general is marked in that he compelled all corporations to comply with the law, actually and "really, to the letter." He was firm and unswerving in this, and for this, if for no other service, Texas is deeply grateful to him. There was no evading the law, nor was there any misinterpretation of it. Fearless, just, sure of the right, always ready to take the initiative, he stood firmly by the Constitution of the State of Texas and forced others to do it.

In 1890 he announced himself a candidate for governor, selecting his birthplace as the scene of his opening speech, and he was elected by a mag-

nificent majority and inaugurated on the thirtieth day of January, 1891.

The first important action of his administration was the creation of the Railroad Commission of Texas, a tribunal which has served as a model for many other state commissions since established. Through the influence of Governor Hogg laws were passed regulating land ownership in Texas and restricting the ownership of lands by corporations on prescribed conditions. These were public services of wonderful magnitude.

The corporations, or the "conservative element," opposed Governor Hogg's second term and vigorously fought for their candidate, Judge George Clark of McLennan County. It was a spirited campaign, feelings ran high, and the entire State was aroused. Governor Hogg was reelected.

He retired from the governorship in 1895 and renewed the practice of law, first in Austin and later in Houston.

He died in Houston on the third day of March, 1906. On the day before he died, Governor Hogg, speaking informally to his family and friends, stated that it was his desire that a pecan and a walnut tree be placed at the head and at the foot of his grave that the children of Texas might gather the nuts and plant them near their homes. Thus, in time, might Texas soil bring forth rich harvests of pecans and walnuts.

Though his virtues will be commemorated in marble and bronze, and statues erected to tell the stranger of his life and death, the great work which he accomplished for the plain people will be his enduring monument.

In a place high on the roll of her illustrious sons will Texas write his name, for he has left a record made by few men in any State or in any epoch of national life.

—Miss Katie Daffan.

QUESTIONS

1. Who is the author of this sketch? In what work is she engaged at present?
2. Do you think that a woman can write on such a subject as well as a man? Why do you think as you do?
3. Why should we be interested in men like Mr. Hogg?
4. What does the author mean by calling him "the tribune of the people"?
5. Find out something about the tribunes of the people in old Rome.
6. How was Mr. Hogg a leader "by nature"?
7. What hardships did he have to undergo?
8. Name some of the public offices that he held.
9. How did he perform his duties?
10. What did the little children that knew him think of him?
11. Give his life story in your own words.
12. What is meant by the Confederate army?
13. In what places in Texas did Mr. Hogg live?

14. Where did he die? Where is he buried?
15. What was his last act for the children of the State?
16. What will be his most enduring monument?
17. As we read of such a life how should it affect us?

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE MILL

For them no hope may ever be fulfilled,
All thoughts of sunshine, birds or bees or flowers,
Of flowing streams,—these, these, must all be stilled,
And cruel labor mark the long-drawn hours.

For them no games, no races on the sward,
Or wrestling, rough and gay, in happy health,
No glow of rounded cheek, no sweet reward,
No boyish pranks, no daring wiles of stealth

That tells of frolics in the fruiting fields,—
The shout, the song, the march to martial strain
Have ceased to be; and wistful childhood yields
Its budding promise: it comes not again.

Bereft of these, he grows bewildered, pale,
And listless, knots the thread that slips again.
His vacant ears list to the spindles' tale
Of everlasting drowse and toiling strain.

Oh, brothers! sisters! is it heedless slight
Of God's untarnished gift, a little child,

That we should take the surest way to blight
A soul? Can we with Him be reconciled?

—Mrs. J. Kendrick Collins.

QUESTIONS

1. Who are the little children of the mill?
2. Of what pleasure are they deprived?
3. Why can they not play as you do?
4. What are "long-drawn hours"? "Fruiting fields"? "Wistful childhood"?
5. Do you think it right to make them live such lives?
6. Is this poem written for children or for grown people? Why do you think as you do?
7. What can we do to change the lives of these children of the mills?

MONDAY

Today the work begins anew,
  And, be it small or be it great,
And known to many or to few,
  I know that this week's work shall wait,
With all the other work I do,
  For me at last at Heaven's gate.

And when to me the King shall call,
  And ask me for this week He gave,
It will not matter then at all,
  There, in that land beyond the grave,
If this week's work be great or small,
  So it be honest work and brave.

—P. W. Horn.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the writer call this poem "Monday"?
2. How does Monday differ from other days? Write your answer in fifty words.
3. Does our work wait for us "at Heaven's gate"? What is the meaning?
4. What King is referred to?
5. What is the important thing about our work?
6. How many stanzas in this little poem?
7. How many lines to the stanza?
8. Which lines end with similar sounds? What do you call this?

MANUAL TRAINING

P. W. HORN

To no boy in the world does manual training mean more in a practical way than to the boys of the South today. The Southern States are being dotted all over with cotton mills and factories, and men are being imported from the North at high salaries to put the machinery into them and to superintend them after they are in actual operation. This is not because the men of the North are by nature any more gifted along mechanical lines. It is only because they have for a longer time been trained to use their hands and to work with machinery. The school boy of today who would prepare himself for an active part in the great industrial life with which the South is even now beginning to be flooded cannot do better than to take as a part of his preparation the best and most

thorough course in manual training which he can secure.

All of these things are perfectly plain. I have no doubt that our boys and girls have thought of them all again and again.

And yet!—and yet! I doubt if these are, after all, the real meaning of our courses in manual training and domestic science and agriculture. They have their practical value; they help us in the mere matters of dollars and cents, undoubtedly; and yet, I am strongly convinced that he who looks no deeper than this will miss the greatest and most vital of the lessons they would teach us.

One of the chief of these lessons is that of the dignity of manual labor. The boy who in school has himself worked at the blacksmith's forge, or at the carpenter's bench, or in the garden, is not likely to look down upon the man who works at these things out of school. Particularly will this be true if he has sometimes failed to accomplish some of the tasks he has attempted with them. If he finds out that the forging of a piece of iron according to a pattern is something that requires the use of brains, he will not afterward consider this task as menial. Even a little good, wholesome failure along some of these lines may do a boy good. We have some measure of respect for the man who daily does things which we ourselves have failed to do.

It seems a pity that anybody should need to learn so simple a lesson as that of the dignity of labor, and yet many of us do. You doubtless remember from your third reader the story of Washington and the corporal. The corporal thought it beneath the dignity of his office for him to take hold of the log which his men were trying to move; but Washington did not. He worked with all his might, and, then, turning to the corporal—who had not recognized him—said, "Sir, when you are again in need of help to move your logs, send for your commander-in-chief." It has always been that way. There have always been little men who felt that manual labor was beneath them, but the Washingtons have always known better.

The great men of the world have all had a high respect for manual labor, and many of them have been themselves skilled workmen. Paul, the apostle, was a tent-maker. The Child whose birthday the Christmas season celebrates was the son of a carpenter and, as a child, worked at this same trade. Ruskin, the great writer and painter, says that he never painted better than after he had just scrubbed off the steps of some old castle in order to get a clean place in which to do his work. Tolstoy was a shoemaker.

The simple truth about it is, that there is no such thing as a menial task, unless it is menially done. There is nothing either noble or ignoble in

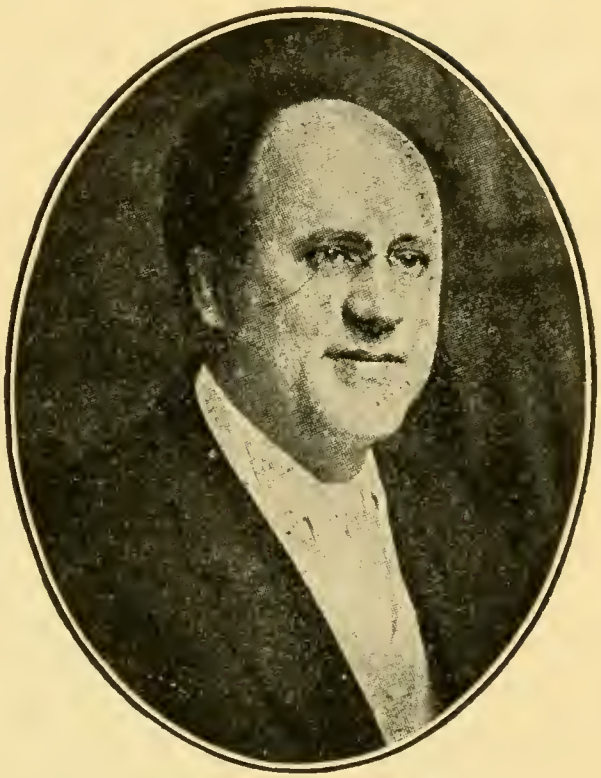
the work itself. It depends on the way in which it is done.

—P. W. Horn.

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by "manual training"?
2. To whom do you think Mr. Horn was writing?
3. What do you understand by "the dignity of manual labor"?
4. Do you agree with the writer? Why?
5. Tell the story of Washington and the corporal. What is a corporal?
6. Give in writing three reasons why we should learn how to work with our hands.

A BOY'S WHISTLE



JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

If I could whistle like
I used when I
was just a boy,
And fill the echoes
plum full of that
o l d - fashioned
joy,
I güess 'at I'd be
willing then to
turn my back on
things
An' say farewell to
scenes down here
and try my angel
wings;
Oh, onst more to pucker up an' ripple soft, an'
trill
Until the music seemed to fall agin the far-off hill
Like dew falls on a half-blown rose till it gits
full and slips,
Like jewels tricklin', tinklin' down from pink be-
witchin' lips.

Oh, yes, if I could whistle now like I could whistle
then!
Just pucker up these grim old lips an' turn things
loose agin!

I'd like to set upon the knoll where trees was all around,
Just set there, punchin' my bare toes into the smelly ground,
An' trillin' just the same old tune I used to trill o' yore,
With all the verve and ecstasy that won't come back no more,
Until I seen ol' brown throat thrush come stealin' from his bush,
An' lookin' round like he would say, say to the hull world, "Hush!"

If I could whistle now, I'd like ter go along the road,
Awakin' with my whistle shrill the scenes that once I knowed;
Just send the ripplin' music through the tamaracks an' pines,
An' stirrin' all the blossoms on the mornin' glory vines;
Jest go sendin' all about me, all behind me an' before,
First loud an' shrill as anything, an' then a gittin' lower,
The same old whistle that was mine, the same old carol shrill
'At used to bid the day good night an' mock the whippoorwill.

I seen a boy go past just now—his cheeks was like
balloons—
But, oh, the air was rendered sweet by old, re-
membered tunes!
An' oh, the world sat lightly on that childish,
happy imp!

"HIS CHEEKS WAS LIKE BALLOONS"

His trousers was all patched behind, his hat was
torn and limp,
While one big toe that had been stubbed was
twisted in a rag;

But, oh, that imp stepped high an' proud, with shoulders full o' brag
An' whistled the same old way as I was wont to do,
Till my old heart was in the tunes the little rascal blew.

If I could whistle like he did—but now there's something gone!
The trill is gone, the skill is gone! Sometimes when I'm alone
I pucker and purse up my lips an' try an' try an' try,
An' then the noise my ol' lips makes ain't nothin' but a sigh.
It ain't no thing of learnin'; it can't be contrived by art;
A boy must be behind it an' a great big boyish heart;
A boy just out o' heaven must go whistlin' o' the song;
No use o' tryin' when we're old, we've been away too long!

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

QUESTIONS

1. Find out what you can about Judd Mortimer Lewis, the author of this poem.
2. Write a story of him as a boy, judging him from this piece.

3. Was the boy different from the boys that you know?
4. How does a person whistle? Can you explain why it is so much pleasure to a boy to whistle?
5. Do you think that the author used such language in his poem as an ordinary boy would use? Why does he use such language instead of correct expressions?
6. Try telling the first stanza in good English. Do you gain or lose?
7. How many lines in each stanza? How many syllables in a line? How many poetic feet in a line?

SING THE SOUTH!

Sing the South! Oh, the South! Sing the South!
With her yellow, red roses, and pink!
Where the air is like wine in the mouth,
And there's glad, surging life in the drink!
Sing the South! Oh, the beautiful South!
With her sweep of wide, star-blossomed plains—
Red-lipped—oh, the kisses of her mouth,
Sends the blood rushing swift in the veins!

Oh, the South! Oh, the South!
Let her glories ring clear!
Like the song in the heart
Of the lover when, near
Where he leans on the bars,
Trembling beauty appears,
With her eyes like blue stars
Smiling glad through her tears!

Sing the South! Oh, the South! Oh, the South!
Oh, her bayous that sleep in the shade!
Oh, the pout of her lily-kissed mouth
Whose kiss maketh man unafraid!
Oh, the lingering clasp of her arms!
Oh, the witcheries sweet of each wile!
Oh, her broad fertile prairies and farms!
There's a promise of joy in her smile!

Oh, the South! Oh, the South!
Let her glories ring clear!
And lilt like the kiss
Of her own atmosphere!
Oh, her sweet blossoms lie!
Like a kiss on the mouth!
There's no love like the South!
Sing the South! Sing the South!

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

QUESTIONS

1. This is a *patriotic* song. What is meant by patriotic?
2. Where was Mr. Lewis born? How long has he been in the South?
3. What do you mean by "the South"?
4. Where does he live at this time? What does he do?
5. What is it that he likes in the South?.
6. What flowers are mentioned? Do these grow about your home?
7. What are bayous? Star-blossomed plains? Witcheries?
8. How may we "sing the South"?
9. Notice that this poem has a chorus or refrain after each stanza. Do you like it better than the other kinds of poems?
10. Memorize the poem.

THE TEXAS RANGER

"Texas Ranger" stands for heroism and manliness. We can see him with his clear, bright eyes, beaming beneath his broad slouch hat, mounted on a fleet horse, dangerous to any rider save his own. A coarse woolen blanket is tightly strapped behind his cow-boy saddle, pistols and knives are in his belt, and determination is written on his face.

Free as the untrained winds that sweep the boundless prairies, he protected the frontier, was a terror to the freebooting Mexicans, and a sworn foe to the Indians who, with war whoop and flaming torch, terrified helpless men, women, and children.

During the early days of colonization Texas was rapidly gaining a reputation for crime, desperation, and massacre. Hence, volunteer companies for home protection were organized. These were the first soldiers to be called "Rangers." But as there were many other important affairs to be dealt with, it was not until after the battle of San Jacinto that the Legislature provided for the organization and maintenance of mounted companies of Rangers to defend the frontier.

There was a freedom and an ease about this

character that gave him individuality and charm. He followed no fixed military rules, wore no uniform, and took part in no parades. He was enlisted for active service, and was ready at any moment to be called to duty. Well armed and mounted, certain as to aim, precise in his estimate as to time and distance, always ready for the worst, the Ranger has stood in a class alone. His protection extended to all kinds of people. He restored and encouraged order and confidence, built up that which had been destroyed, and put an end to viciousness and vice.

There is an exciting and heroic side to all border warfare, with its shifting dangers and constant scenes of death. At the same time, the life is painful and tragic, more terrible than would seem possible. When we remember that the Ranger had to pass his life under the silent stars, away from his home and loved ones, galloping over the sand and sage of the border plains, ever watched by the fierce Indian and fiercer cut-throat Mexican or white man, sleeping in cane-brakes and snow-covered marshes and swamps, our hearts should thrill with gratitude to him.

The populated section of Texas in the early days was chiefly along the gulf coast and in the eastern section along the Sabine river. Gradually the prairies and the forests were filled up with settlements. An occasional venturer would take his family and go into the very heart of the

interior. He would build a home by some stream, and select a rich spot for his crops. Northward and westward, the border slowly extended for hundreds of miles. But for the presence of the Rangers, the guardians of safety and domestic peace, who accompanied or went ahead of the settler to clear the path of dangers, all settlements would have been helpless against the marauders and thieves who infested the region.

The years immediately following the Texas revolution were dangerous times for the settlers. There were troubles within and without. There was strife and disagreement among the leaders, there was fear and doubt in the hearts of the citizens. They all felt the need of a well-organized, armed support, a full military system, to put down internal disorder and foreign invasion. Out of these necessities, the Ranger service grew and obtained full legal status and military recognition. It is largely due to this efficient Ranger service that we have our present perfected system of courts and constabulary.

The Ranger's manner of arrest was to draw his six-shooter, and force his prisoner to look for a minute into its deep, black barrel, while his restless fingers felt around the quick trigger. Not often would a man resist arrest under those circumstances.

One of the most serious questions that came up for the Ranger to settle was the cattle stealing up

and down the Rio Grande. But through the persistent efforts of the Ranger these tragic border situations were put under the control of law and courts. Now the whole frontier is peopled with industrious, enterprising, and intelligent citizens.

The Ranger has given to us a lofty type of manhood. He who protects the helpless, rescues the perishing, and cares for the dying, fulfills the holy law of God. The Texas Ranger's spurs were won by service of danger, and his badge of knighthood was the bright lone star. Like King Richard of old, he was lion-hearted; and every happy home in Texas owes him gratitude and honor.

—Miss Katie Daffan.

QUESTIONS

1. What does the word "Ranger" mean?
2. Who were the desperadoes and where did they come from?
3. Give a description of a typical Ranger.
4. Why was he so feared?
5. What is a constabulary?
6. Learn the names of some noted Rangers.
7. Who is Captain Bill McDonald?
8. Write a composition on the present Ranger force.

CRICKETS' BAND CONCERT

The other night the moon was bright
  And fairies frolicked on the green;
And to and fro upon tiptoe,
  They danced amid the moonlight sheen.

The moon so bright cast flickering light
  Upon the dancers hand in hand,
The music sweet for flying feet,
  Was furnished by the Crickets' Band.

The mortal eye was dazzled by
  The brilliance of the fairy throng;
The mortal ear heard soft and clear
  The music of the crickets' song.

The fun grew great, the hour grew late,
  Yet still the joyous fairies danced;
The violins moaned, the bass drums groaned,
  The leader wildly swayed and pranced.

Puck raised his hand: "Stop, fairy band,
  Just pause and listen now to me,
Our fun was great, so was our fête,
  But don't you think it's time for tea?"

The music stopped, the crickets hopped
To where the dainty feast was laid;
The fairies' brew was morning dew,
Of pollen gold the cakes were made.

A morning breeze then swayed the trees,
A herald of the coming day;
An early bird woke up and stirred,
And warned the troup to fly away.

The moon at rest was in the west,
And all the fairy herd had flown;
And with a sigh, I found that I
Was lying in my room alone.

And yet not quite, for on the night
A song rose out of Fairyland;
So sweet and clear it reached my ear,
I knew it was the Crickets' Band.

—Miss Helen Scott.

QUESTIONS

1. This poem was written by a fourteen-year-old high school girl. Two features in it are especially noticeable: the imagery, and the human element. See if you can discover each.
2. What is the meaning of picturesque? Pick out the picturesque elements.
3. Where was the concert held? Who gave it? At what time?

4. Who were the spectators?
5. Who was Puck? Read about him in Shakespeare's play, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
6. What do the last two stanzas reveal to you?
7. Note the peculiar rhyme.

LITTLE APRONS

Six little aprons in a row,
Each with a pocket fine,
We know there is a baby in that house
By the aprons on the line.
Pertly waving and flapping about,
Swinging their chubby sleeves,
Catching the breeze that sings along
Or whistles beneath the eaves.

MRS. MARY ODOM

Blue check aprons, fit for a boy
With a roguish, rosy face;
Not for a girl, or they would be
All white with ruffles and lace.
A sturdy boy, who toddles about
With never a thought of dirt—

Who can stub his dear little toe and fall
And not even think he's hurt.

Blue check aprons, buttoned close
Up to the dimpled chin:
Just the things for a boy to wear,
To be gay and jolly in.
What does it matter about the mud
With its yellow and ugly stain?
His check apron is all right,—
It'll wash clean again!

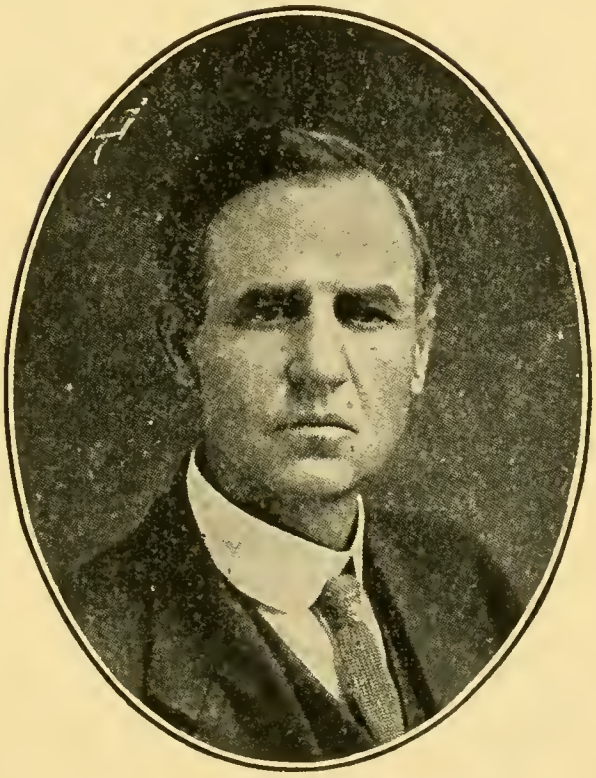
Dear little aprons! waving there,
So restless, quaint, and blue,—
How many precious hopes have been
Wrapped up in such as you!
The days that are the sweetest,
And to Mothers most divine,
Are often those when they can count
Check aprons on the line.

—Mrs. Mary Odom.

QUESTIONS

1. How many little aprons were on the line? Describe them.
2. Write a story about the children in that home, judging from the aprons.
3. How could the boys' aprons be distinguished from the girls'?
4. What do the little aprons tell us of the mother?
5. What is it that you like best in this selection?

A SONG OF THE SIMPLER THINGS



CLARENCE OUSLEY

Oh, sing me a song of
the s i m p l e r
things—
Of the lives that
love and laugh;
I'm tired of war and
the song of
sweat
That tells but the
bitter half.
The earth is strong
and the world
is well—
'Tis the s i n g e r
that's all awry,
The sun is up and will never go down
Till the stars are in the sky.

Oh, sing me a song of the manly man
Who knows his burden's his own,—
The man who laughs in the rain or shine
While he swings his hoe alone.
It isn't the thing that's done to us
That burns like a red-hot brand—
It's the thing we do or leave undone
Because we don't understand.

Oh, sing me a song of fruits and flowers—
The tints of the peach and rose,
Or the blush that blows on the virgin cheek
Of the fairest thing that grows.
I'm tired of wars and alarum bells,
And the light that flames the sky—
Oh, sing me a song of the simpler things
That live and love and die.

—Clarence Ousley.

QUESTIONS

1. What does the poet mean by the "simpler things"?
2. What does he oppose to the simpler things of life?
3. What is suggested by the "song of sweat"? By "alarum bells"? By "the light that flames the sky"?
4. Memorize the poem.

THE RAIN, THE RAINBOW, AND THE SUNSET

It was the most beautiful and the most welcome rain that ever fell—welcome to a thirsting earth, parched, and cracked, and bare; with cattle almost starving upon grass, withered and scorched, and dry as straw; with corn spindling and struggling and jaundiced; with cotton not sprouted or not even planted in the hard, unyielding clods; with spring gardens and flower beds almost as sere as the last days of summer; with farmers, stockmen, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and railroaders, still nervous from last year's panic, counting accrued and accruing losses in all the exaggeration of business blues—why, it was welcome as manna and about as desperately needed.

And beautiful beyond any other beauty of nature or art at their best—literally beautiful, the dream of the poet and the rhapsody of the painter materialized in a shower of silver and perfume, visible and sensible to the sight and smell, and the rainbow and the pot of gold at the end of it—really and truly.

It started a little after five o'clock in the midst of a blustering, dust-choking gale from the southeast. A few big spluttering drops fell and sprinkled the sidewalks and roads. Ladies who

were driving whipped up a little, but the men only looked skyward wistfully, doubtingly, and went on about their business—they had been bluffed too often to take the clouds seriously.

It spluttered on.

The women folk laid on the whip harder, loose animals sniffed the moisture and broke for shelter, and the doubting Thomases began to take notice and look hopeful.

A great blanketing cloud with a white fringe was spreading over from the southwest and a darker one crept narrowly along the southern horizon. The wind held steady and the drops fell thicker; the dust was laid and the water trickled from the roofs into the rain spouts.

Then it rained—sure enough wet rain—and the people almost forgot to close the doors and put down the windows. They stood and watched, smiling and rejoicing, holding their breath and praying that the wind would not shift to the fatal northwest, which had blighted every prospect for six months.

But it kept on raining, and the wise men who had been so skeptical began to say, "I told you so."

In the very midst of it the sun shone with such whiteness and softness as never before fell on gladdened eyes. People looked right into it without blinking. The clouds had rifted in the west as they banked in the east; they had met overhead

and poured down their treasure until it ran in the ditches.

It was a slanting, glistening shower of pearls; a rustling, rattling rush of silver beads on threads of invisible wire shaken in the sun. It fairly danced and sang like a living thing of spangles and fresh odors.

Two farmers with a wagon load of hogs drove along the road slowly, lazily, actually reveling in the money-making wetness.

"If the sun shines through the rain, it will rain again tomorrow." There was added zest in the hope of the old weather proverb, and a double rainbow gave the promise greater impress. It spanned the whole eastern sky with its ancient glory.

And still the rain fell, now lighter, now heavier, but unfailingly—and the thunder rolled profoundly and assuringly—not savagely and crackingly, but so evenly and harmoniously that even the women smiled and were not afraid.

It was a sweet and glorious hour.

Supper got cold on the table, the rain was more edifying than the victuals.

As soon as it closed the children were out wading in the puddles and squashing mud through their toes. The thrifty gardener hastened to set sweet peppers and eggplants and to look around for poles to stick the running beans.

And then for a benediction and blessing on it

all, just as the sun set, the clouds banked in the west and north, and the gold of a dying day poured through a crevice and spattered all the sky with a flaming yellow and red on the molten white of the heavenly canvas which the Master Painter deigns now and then to exhibit to the wondering eye of the children of men.

Today the plows will be running. There will be crops hereabouts.

—Clarence Ousley.

QUESTIONS

1. How does the writer prepare the people for the rain? How does he prepare the reader?
2. What is the reference to "manna"?
3. Notice how each person is affected: How are the women affected? How the business men? How the farmers? How the children? How the gardener? Which showed the most sensible judgment?

THE SPIDERS

HILTON ROSS GREER

Close by life's gar-
denside,
Silently, ceaselessly,
Tangling the hearts
of men
Deep in its meshes,
Spinneth a spider.

Silently, ceaselessly,
Weaving a web that is
Fashioned of filmi-
ness,
Sun-gleams and gos-
samers,
Dew-pearled and
odorous;

Weaving a web that is
Frailer than mist at times,
Steel-strong at others,
Tangling the hearts of men
Ever and hopelessly
In its soft thonging,
Spinneth the blithe-footed
Spider of Love!

Close by life's gardenside,
Swiftly, relentlessly,
Stifling the hearts of men
In its thick meshes,
Spinneth a spider.

Silently, ceaselessly,
Swiftly, relentlessly,
Weaving a web that is
Dull-hued and lustreless;
Weaving a web so dense
Yet so impalpable,
Soft and insidious,
None may escape it—
Spinneth the thousand-eyed,
Eager, implacable,
Gray, gaunt, and terrible,
Spider of Death!

—Hilton Ross Greer.

QUESTIONS

1. What are spiders? Why do people dislike them? Do you like them as they are pictured in this poem? Could the poet not have found some more appropriate object in nature to use for his purpose?
2. What two kinds of spiders are referred to? How are their kinds of work distinguished in the poem?
3. What is meant by "life's gardenside"? Why do spiders like to spin their webs in gardens?

4. What do spiders represent in this poem? What is a figure of speech? Find the name of this figure.
5. Do you see any gain in putting so many lines together in one stanza?
6. The line is dactylic dimeter. Find out what is meant by this.
7. Write the thought of the poem in your own words, in two sentences.

"PICTURES IN THE AIR"

Those "pictures in the air" do not grow less distinct as time sets us farther away. I can see the old home now just as clearly as when it dawned upon my earliest consciousness. I am as confident of the red rose that climbed over the south window as when I used to watch it, spring after spring, in the vain hope that the gray mockingbird would build her nest lower, so that I could look in. I know how the Cape Jessamine bloomed in the yard, and the still summer evenings were heavy with the perfume. I can see still the grand old pine trees and the magnolias down at the foot of the hill beside the brook—the little brook that trailed its band of green down the brown fields in winter, and that sang a little contented, happy song the livelong summer days. We crossed the brook on a bridge with the railing of twisted vines, and then we came to the village.

A few houses scattered here and there, up and down the valley, a little church with a square topped belfry—this was Springville. I used to stand at our gate and look down, in the still evenings, at the smoke going up from all the chimneys, almost in straight lines, with only an occasional

curve—and I thought it must be because it was eager to get out of the valleys, away from the houses, and up into the free, clear blue of heaven!

. . . . . .

One evening in May I walked slowly homeward, while the sun went down behind the wooded hills that lay along the west. I was taking to my mother a handful of white flowers, the fruits of that evening's expedition. As I went along the ridge of the hill toward our house, I could see the tall pines, with straight, smooth trunks, that stood about our little yard. The sun was shining on the pinetops then, though the shadows had almost hidden the village below, and were beginning to fall upon our house. I had watched the pines so much that I knew them in all their aspects. I knew how they let the sunrise trickle through their limbs and how, at noon, the sun shot long shafts of light down to the dry, brown needles at their feet. I knew how their trunks swayed and leaned toward each other when the wind rose, and how their murmuring swelled and shrank like organ tones. I knew how sunset looked through them, as through cathedral windows, and their trunks were columns, holding up some mighty arched roof, while the unseen musician, far afloat, played his grand voluntary. But that May evening, I remember, there was scarcely a murmur in the pines. The low of home-coming cows, the sound of a woodman's ax,

the musical tinkle of sheep bells, came up from the valley and followed me into the house.

. . . . . .

There were little waves that washed over the sandy shore with a long, murmuring sound that was like the song of the pines. I thought how those pines that are nearest the sea catch the roar of breakers and the murmur of little wavelets, and communicate them to others farther away, while these in turn send on the notes to others; so the pines far inland sing mystic songs (if we could but translate them aright) of the summer sea that lies shining upon the far-off borders of the world.

The song of the sea was in all my dreams that night. It went on murmuring its low monotone through all the hours of darkness. Several times I awoke, and, half-fearing that it might be a dream, drew the curtain and looked out. The moon had risen then, and the top of every wave was a silver crest, with dark valleys between. Out in the woods the whippoorwills had the night to themselves and were filling it with pathos.

. . . . . .

"A dream? What shall it be?" I asked, laughing softly. "And how shall I make it? A wood-fire is dream enough in itself. This wood has stood in the forest, a grand old oak-tree. I wonder how many circling seasons were told in rings

around its heart? I wonder how many changes it has witnessed? Do you hear that soft murmur? If you listen closely enough, you will hear many sounds in that low music—sounds which echoed around this oak-tree years and years ago, and sunk into its heart, somehow, and went on singing there. There are sounds of light breezes that just stirred its spring leaves, and of December storms that sent them whirling into rustling heaps, brown and lifeless. I am sure it sings of the violet that bloomed at its root, as well as of the oak that stood so near it, and that was riven by lightning in a storm. It tells of the 'nestling voices' of young birds that were raised in its branches, and of the silent, sorrowful mother-bird, that stood with drooping wings by an empty nest, from which the tender nestlings had all flown. I think it stood by the river's brink, and caught from it a sobbing of longing and unrest, ending in the glad, exultant song of the sea, to which it hastened. Or, perhaps it caught that song from the pines. Perhaps it stood far inland, among the hills, and heard the pines singing always, and saw magnolia blooms, like flocks of still, white birds, down in the valley below. I wish I could think that it stood near our old home!"

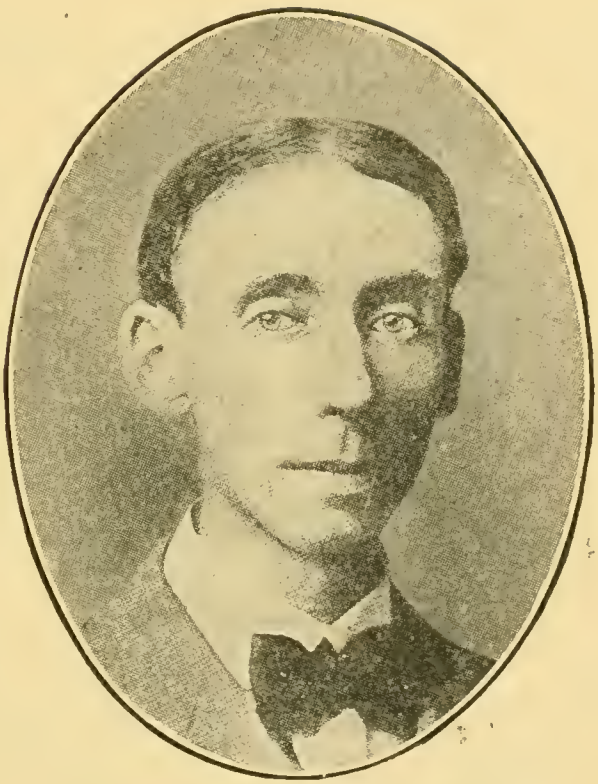
—Mrs. Julia Truitt Bishop,

From *Kathleen Douglas.*

QUESTIONS

1. What do you understand "pictures in the air" to be? Why so called?
2. Why are quotations placed around the expression?
3. Kathleen is represented as a little girl, and these scenes in her imagination. What kind of a girl would you take her to be?
4. In what part of Texas would these scenes most likely be found?
5. Could they be real? Did you ever see any like them?
6. What do you like best in them?
7. Write a story from imagination of some tree that you have seen.

THEN AND NOW



HARRY LEE MARRINER

There's a little old house in town that I know,
And if I am wealthy some day,
I'll buy it no matter how hard I must work,
Or how much they ask me to pay.
It's only a cottage all covered with vines,
And might be as nothing to some,
But that little cottage is all that I want,
Because once I knew it as home.

I know every picket upon the old fence;
Each tree I regard as a friend,
I love all the bushes that grow in the yard,
And gladly, how gladly I'd spend
The whole of my fortune to have it once more,
And hold it and treasure it, too—

That cheap little cottage now old and decayed—
The happy old home that I knew.

. . . . . .

Back in the yard the children formed a man of yellow clay,
And left him on a bit of plank when they were through their play;
And on that clay-man beamed the sun, and to a cloud said he:
"I'll pulverize that clay-man sure, Miss Cloud, just look at me."
He beamed and glowed on that mud-man and frowned with fiery will,
But the result was but to make that clay-man harder still.

The little cloud she laughed aloud; then to the sun she said:
"Take off your heat, Mr. Sun, and look at this instead."
She covered up her face and wept; the drops of rain fell fast,
And soon that clay-man came to be a muddy spot at last.

"No fair, no fair!" the sun cried out; "your tears were fakes and lies."
"That's how to win," the cloud rejoined. "No woman ever cries

When she would melt a man's hard heart; you've
lived for many years,
But my! how much you have to learn about a
woman's tears!''

—Harry Lee Marriner.

QUESTIONS

1. After a long struggle with disease, Harry Lee Marriner had to surrender his life; but he never lost his buoyancy and optimism. In none of the five years' writing of his ''weather verses'' can the reader discover any evidence of his physical suffering.
2. Why do you like his verses?
3. Why was he called the ''Staff Poet''?
4. What does he mean by ''Then''? By ''Now''? How do the two times differ?
5. Why does he want the ''little old house''?
6. Tell about the ''man of yellow clay.''
7. What are the names of his three little books? Have you read them?
8. What is meant by ''a sane, sound philosophy of life''? Do you think that he had it?

"OUR DEAR OLD MAMMY"

She is gone, our dear old mammy—loving, loyal, fierce and kind;
Black of face and broad of bosom; leaving us all sad, behind.
We had known her first as babies—loved her through succeeding years,
And we see her homely features through the mist of tears.
Listen—can't you hear her singing, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul!"
Can't you hear her tell a story of the "house built outer gold"?
Can't you hear your bare feet flying from the kitchen where you'd go,
Never knowing how she'd take it, asking her for scraps of dough?

Maybe, dear old mammy's happy; surely God must know her worth;
And it took so very little to complete her joy on earth;
And some day we'll hear crying when we're called to our last home,
"Praise de Lawd, de bressed Jesus! Glory, here's mah chillun come!"

—Harry Lee Marriner.

QUESTIONS

1. Who is referred to as "mammy"?
2. Why was she so loved?
3. Write a story of her as she is described in the poem.
4. Do you know such a person?
5. Ask some aged person to tell you about one of them.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Baker, Mrs. Karle Wilson.—Mrs. Baker, known to the magazine world as "Charlotte Wilson," was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1878. After completing the course of the public schools of Little Rock, she took a special course in the University of Chicago, under the well-known novelist, Robert Herrick. In 1901 she came to Nacogdoches, Texas, where she still lives. Her first poem, "The Poet," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1903. In 1907 she married Mr. Thomas Baker. She has the *entrée* of the leading magazines of the country, but has not collected her writings. She seems equally gifted as a romancer and lyrist. The selection, "A Child's Game," is one of the prettiest.

Bishop, Mrs. Julia Truitt.—Mrs. Bishop lived in Texas from 1876 to 1895, making her home at times in Waco, Dallas, Austin, Houston, Galveston, as the demands of her chosen profession of journalism necessitated. She is now engaged in newspaper work in connection with the *Birmingham News,* and has her home in Birmingham, Alabama. The selection in the text is an extract from her Texas novel, *Kathleen Douglas,* written in Waco.

Burgess, George Farmer.—Mr. Burgess was born in Wharton County, Texas, in 1861, and was educated in Texas schools. He was admitted to the bar in 1882, and

has represented his State in the National Congress since 1901. His home address is Gonzales, Texas.

On February 25, 1905, the National Congress held exercises appropriate to the acceptance of the statues of Stephen F. Austin and Sam Houston from the State of Texas. On this occasion a number of Texas members made speeches. Among them was the Honorable G. F. Burgess, whose address is found in the text.

Chittenden, William Lawrence.—Mr. Chittenden has made his reputation as a poet under the cognomen of "Larry Chittenden, the Poet-Ranchman of Texas." He was born in New Jersey in 1862, and came to Texas in 1883. With his uncle he opened up the Chittenden ranch, near Anson in Jones County. He began his literary career with reportorial work in New York City. In 1893 he issued his volume of poems, *Ranch Verses,* which has already gone through fourteen editions, and has given him international reputation. Later, he issued another volume of poems, *Bermuda Verses,* from his home in the Bermuda Islands. His humor and picturesque, imaginative power, combined with a delicate poetic fancy, has caused some to class him with James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. The poem in the text is taken from *Ranch Verses,* by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Collins, Mrs. Jennie Kendrick.—Mrs. Collins is a native of Mississippi, but has for many years made her home in San Antonio, Texas. Her residence is in Alamo Heights, a beautiful residential suburb. She travels extensively with her husband, and has been connected with various literary organizations, being at present vice-president of the *San Antonio Pen Women.* She has not

collected her verses, though many have attained wide vogue. One of the best is the touching little poem, "Children of the Mill."

DAFFAN, MISS KATIE.—This poet is one of the best-known writers of the Lone Star State. She is also well known for the many positions of honor and trust that she has been called upon to occupy. She is at this time superintendent of the Confederate Woman's Home in Austin. For many years she has been connected with press associations and historical associations. There is constructive power in her work, whether as lecturer, organizer, or writer. *As Thinketh a Woman* is a volume of poems that deals with the nobler emotions and exhibits delicate touches of humor and fancy. There is much of practical philosophy in her prose. Amongst her prose works may be mentioned *Woman in History, The Woman on the Pine Springs Road, Texas Hero Stories.* From this last has been selected the story of "James Stephen Hogg, the Tribune of the People."

DARDEN, MRS. FANNIE BAKER.—Mrs. Darden, the daughter of General Moseley Baker, was born in Alabama in 1829, and came to Texas with the family in 1836. She lived in Galveston and then in Houston. After completing her education in Alabama she married William J. Darden of Virginia, and then made her home in Columbus, Texas. She did not collect her verses into book form, but gained wide fame through the exquisite legend, "Yokonah," and other poems.

DAVIS, MRS. MOLLIE MOORE.—Mrs. Davis, known in her earlier years as Mollie Evelyn Moore, the "Texas Mocking Bird," the "Poet of the Texas Rangers," was born in Alabama, and spent her childhood at the LaRose

Blanche plantation in southern Texas. Her first volume of poems, *Minding the Gap, and Other Poems,* was published in 1870, when she was eighteen years of age. It has passed through several editions. She was also the author of many prose works. Of these, *In War Times at LaRose Blanche* should be read for its autobiographical value, as it treats of a Texas portion of her life. *In the Queen's Garden* deals with the Louisiana period. *The Little Chevalier* has been considered her masterpiece. In reading her books, whether romantic or historic, one comes into conscious contact with a rare spirit of singular sweetness, sympathy, purity, grace and charm, not unallied with energy and courage, with passion and power.

DeShields, James T.—*The Story of Warren Lions* is an extract from a recent historical work, *Border Wars of Texas,* edited by Mr. DeShields of San Marcos and published by Mr. Matt Bradley of Tioga, Texas. It occupies a unique field and is an important contribution to our historical literature. Covering the period from the settlement of Texas to its annexation to the States, the book proceeds by actual happenings rather than by continuous historical narration. There is present the fascination and vigor of real life, just the kind to arouse the interest of the reader.

DeWees, W. B.—Mr. DeWees possesses a striking power of realization, combined with an ardent appreciation of the beautiful in nature. In his *Letters from Texas,* he seizes upon many of the landscape pictures of the broad Texas expanse, and realizes them to the mind in a delightful manner. He could hardly have found a more beautiful one than "A Prairie Sunset."

GREER, HILTON ROSS.—Mr. Greer is a genuine Texas poet, "to the manner born." He was born in Wood County in 1878, and was reared in Pittsburg. His education was received principally from his mother, a teacher with marked literary power. He has been connected with various newspapers in Texas, and is at present editor of the *Evening Journal* of Dallas. He is most successful with verse. He possesses the true poetic sense and has made careful study of verse structure. His writings have been collected in three dainty volumes: *Sun-Gleams and Gossamers* (1904); *The Spiders and Other Poems* (1906); *A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems* (1912).

GRINSTEAD, JESSE EDWARD.—Mr. Grinstead was born in Kentucky, moved from that State to Missouri, then through the Indian Territory to Texas. His home is in Kerrville at the head-waters of the Guadaloupe in what he calls the "Hill Country." He has filled various public offices—has been mayor of his town, a representative in the state legislature, and a member of different boards. But it is in his literary pursuits that he finds his greatest delight. For several years past he has been editor of the *Kerrville Mountain Sun.*

As a romancer he finds much to entertain in the life about him and deals with it in a happy, buoyant manner. As a poet he reflects the kindly virtues of the simple life. "The Whistle of the Bob White" is of a characteristic type.

HARBY, MRS. LEE COHEN.—Mrs. Harby is the composer of the patriotic song, "The Flag Song of Texas," which won the $100 prize offered by President William Prather of the University of Texas. She was born in

South Carolina in 1850 and came to Texas in 1869. At present she has returned to South Carolina. Her writings consist of novels, short stories, and verse.

Harrison, Jake H.—Mr. Harrison is one of the most prolific writers of the State. Born in Virginia in 1851, he moved to Tennessee in 1857, the next year to Missouri, then to Texas. His home is in Dallas, Texas. He has been a man of affairs, holding many important positions. He is a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the country and his contributions are enjoyed by a wide circle of readers. He is an ardent lover of nature and his philosophy of life is sane and healthful.

Horn, Paul Whitefield.—Mr. Horn has been connected with the public schools of Texas for many years. He was born in Missouri in 1870, and took his college course in Central College of that State. For the past eleven years he has been superintendent of the Houston city schools.

He is active both as a lecturer and as a writer; but has given his latest and best thought to the making of text-books. His exquisite lyric, "Monday," is one of his best. "Manual Training" is an extract from his *Best Things in Our Schools,* published by C. A. Bryant of Dallas.

Houston, Sam.—President Houston deserves recognition in a work of literature because of his state papers, proclamations, and speeches. He is a character of unending interest to the Texas boy, and is a hero whose memory should be perpetuated through the school. His intimate knowledge of Indian life, derived from a long stay in their midst, makes the selection, "Eulogy on Flaco," a very appropriate one.

JACKSON, MRS. MARY V.—The author of the historical essay, "What the Battle of San Jacinto Meant," is Mrs. Mary Jackson of Paris, Texas. She was born in Tampa, Florida, and was educated in her native State. She has taught for many years in the high schools of Texas, and has spent much time in the consideration of school matters, preparation of courses of study for literary clubs, and in newspaper work.

JOUVENAT, MRS. M. M.—Mrs. Jouvenat (Juvenah) was born in North Carolina and came with her father and family to Texas when she was quite young. She has done much newspaper work, and has issued a volume of verse under the title, *Wing-Shadows of Fancy,* from which the selection, "Our Nameless Nation," is taken. The poem was prepared for the dedication exercises of the Confederate monument on the Sherman plaza. Her home is in Sherman, Texas.

LAMAR, MIRABEAU.—Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, one of the greatest of the early writers of Texas, exhibited unusual power in both prose and poetry. He was born in Georgia in 1798, being contemporary with Cooper and Irving. His restless, romantic disposition turned him to Texas in 1835, just in time to take his part in the stirring events of republic building. He died in December, 1859, and lies buried in Richmond, Texas, near the Brazos River. His volume of poems, *Verse Memorials,* was well received. The selections, "Gay Spring," and "Daughter of Mendoza," are from his collection. He also wrote much in the form of state papers, historical and biographical essays, and discussions of leading issues. He was a public-spirited man, and was a leader of thought and action in his time.

Lemmon, Leonard.—Professor Lemmon was a native of Missouri. After receiving his educational equipment he came to Texas and took up his life-work of teaching. During these years his literary bent asserted itself and he wrote for the newspapers, delivered lectures and prepared text-books. His best known books are his series of *Our Country's Readers, The History of Our Country*—the latter of which was prepared in conjunction with Oscar Cooper and Harry Estill—and a work, *American Literature,* written in conjunction with Julian Hawthorne. "A Lion Hunt in the Rocky Mountains" appeared in the *Farm and Ranch,* by whose courtesy it is used.

Lewis, Judd Mortimer.—Few living writers of verse are as well known to Texas readers as Mr. Lewis, the poet of the *Houston Post.* He was born in Fulton, New York, and came to Houston in 1893. He has made two collections of verse under the titles, *Lilts o' Love* and *Sing the South!* He delights in child life, and juvenile verses comprise a large part of his writing. He has the rare ability of looking at a situation from the child's standpoint and making that the basis of his description. "A Boy's Whistle" and "Sing the South" are selections from his volumes of verse.

Marriner, Harry Lee.—Mr. Marriner, for many years the "staff-poet of the *Dallas News,*" was born in Kentucky in 1872. After extensive experience with various leading newspapers, he came to Texas in 1902, and entered the service of the *Galveston News,* retaining his connection with this paper as the *Dallas-Galveston News,* until the day of his death in 1914.

For five years he failed not to prepare a daily

"weather-verse" for the front page of the paper, thus becoming very widely and intimately known for his genial homely philosophy of life. As he lay propped up on his dying bed in Kerrville, Texas, he penned these his last lines:

If all of us were little cats and learned that nine-lived trick,
You bet your booted, padded paws, our lives would make us sick,
For when one's looked on life for years with eyes and ears and nose—
Does he care much for giving up the hard, dry shell, d'spose?

Nay, give us just one life to live—we want it more than nine,
For one, I want no kittenhood in eight more years of mine,
Just sale away the aged cats from which much life has flown,
And leave me just the human sort—the proper one to own!

The best comment that may be made on his life and work is found in the columns of the *Dallas News* from the pen of Mrs. Addie Hill Waller:

He caught from the skies the rainbow dyes
And the gold from the sunset's glow,
And the edelweiss from the fields of ice,
And set them to musical flow.

He caught from the showers the fragrance of flowers,
From the woodland the wild perfume,
From the rippling rills their numberless trills,
And blended them into a tune.

With dextrous tact he turned time back
And his childish fancies regained,
With innocent joys and arts of boys—
And gave us our youth again.

The philosopher's stone was truly his own,
For he changed life's gray to gold,
When he wrung out the good from each sombre mood
And pressed it into radiant mold.

Maverick, Mrs. Sam.—Mrs. Maverick came to Texas in 1838. In "The Council House Fight," she has given another excellent specimen of the historical element in Texas literature. She was an eye-witness to the fight; and the whole story as narrated by her may be found in Corner's *San Antonio de Bexar.*

"Mineral Wells."—This beautiful poem was handed the Commercial Club of Mineral Wells several years ago by a gentleman who styled himself "G. Herb Palin." Nothing more is known of him save that he registered from South Carolina.

Montgomery, Whitney.—Mr. Montgomery's taste and genius for poetry were formed by an absorption of equal parts of Shakespeare and Byron. For sweetness and refined delicacy, his poetry is rarely equaled. He was born in Navarro County in 1877, is unmarried, and is devoted to his native soil. It is only a finished product that leaves his pen; hence, he is not a prolific writer, but his verses are found in the leading periodicals. His home is in Eureka, Texas. He has not collected his poems, but the selection, "The Last Bob White," is a typical poem.

Odom, Mrs. Mary.—Mrs. Mary Hunt McCaleb Odom is a "born poet," and it is said that she has filled more

newspaper space with her writings than any other woman in Texas. She was born near Louisville, Kentucky, and reared on a plantation near Vicksburg, Mississippi. She and her husband, Colonel David McCaleb, came to Dallas in 1873, and later moved to Galveston, where they both were connected with the *Galveston News*. Her beautiful poem, "Little Aprons," made an immediate sensation, being copied throughout the country. Her present home is in Austin, Texas.

Ousley, Clarence.—Mr. Ousley was born in Georgia, in 1863, and obtained his education in Alabama. Later he moved to Texas where he married and entered upon newspaper work. In 1904 he organized the *Fort Worth Record* and continued his connection with this paper for several years. He is at present at the head of the extension department of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. He has shown strong power as poet, lecturer, and journalist. The selections, "A Song of Simpler Things" and "The Rain, the Rainbow, and the Sunset," are excellent specimens of his style of expression. Mr. Ousley is one of the authors of *The Students' History of Our Country.*

Pilgrim, T. J.—Mr. Pilgrim accompanied a band of colonists from western New York in the fall of 1828, reaching Texas after many weeks of difficult traveling overland and on boats. His account of his endeavors to work up an interest in schools is very interesting. His home was in San Felipe de Austin, where he enjoyed the strong friendship of the empresario, Stephen F. Austin.

Powell, Ernest.—No sweeter poet graces the literature of the Lone Star State than Ernest Powell. Born in Harrison County in 1876, and living in Marshall since

he was five years old, he is saturated through and through with the "Texas Spirit." He has taken special courses in Chicago and Boston in literature and music, and these subjects are his life's devotion. Some of his writings have recently been collected under the unpretentious title of *Poems.* With this attractive little booklet in hand one needs little else of the biographical, for it is unconsciously replete with the heart and soul of the writer. The selection, "Sabine Boat Song," is one of the most touching.

Scott, Miss Helen.—In her exquisite verse conceits, a high school young lady, Miss Helen Scott of Austin, shows rare poetic imagination. Coming from a literary family, she has been carefully trained in her intellectual powers. She combines with this striking imaginative faculty a practical knowledge of poetic structure, rhythm, and vigor. "The Crickets' Band Concert" will give her permanent fame.

Shortridge, Mrs. Belle Hunt.—Under the pen name of "Belle Hunt," Mrs. Shortridge has given the public many beautiful poems as well as some romances. Many of these verses have been collected under the title of *Lone Star Lights,* from which is taken the selection, "Peach-Blossom Time." She is also the author of two novels, *Held in Trust* and *Circumstance.* She died in Terrell in 1893.

Simpson, Friench.—Mr. Friench Simpson, the author of the dainty nature lyric, "Spanish Moss," was born in Virginia in 1848. He came to Texas during the Civil War. He was admitted to the bar in 1877, and was a member of the Texas senate from 1893 to 1897. His volume of poems, *A Study of Nature, and Other Poems,*

was published in 1900. He is an ardent lover of nature, responsive to every changing phase. His home is Hallettsville, Texas, where he is engaged in the banking business.

Sjolander, John P.—In her literati Texas has culled from many nationalities. The author of the two song lyrics, "The Rain Frog" and "Swinging Song," is John P. Sjolander of Cedar Bayou, Texas. He was born in Sweden in 1851, and came to Galveston when he was twenty years old. He has an exquisite ear for melody and a nice, discriminating sense of proportion in his verse. Wedded to nature, he has the poet's faith in nature, and is simple and child-like in his utterances. He has made no collection of his verses, but it is hoped by his many admirers that he may soon do so. His latest poetic efforts he styles *Rhymes of Galveston Bay.*

Swisher, Mrs. Bella French.—The poem, "The San Antonio River," by Mrs. Swisher, is, in subject matter as well as in metrical structure, characteristic of much of Texas poetry. The author, a native of Georgia, came to Texas in 1877 when she was forty years of age. She married Colonel John M. Swisher, a man of abundant material wealth and sympathetic with his wife in her literary tastes. Her writings include much editorial work and several novels. But it is in imaginative poetry that she is at her best.

Young, Mrs. Maude Fuller.—Mrs. Young's biographical essay, "Austin, the Father of Texas," gives an excellent presentation of Austin and his work of colonization. She was born in North Carolina in 1826, and died in Houston, Texas, in 1882. Her pen deals with varied subjects. Her style is strong and concise. She

exhibits a striking imaginative power and is bold and fearless in her declarations.

YOUNG, STARK.—Professor Stark Young, formerly of the University of Texas, at present connected with Dartmouth College, was born in Mississippi in 1881. He has studied extensively in Italy. His writings are extensive and varied, but he is at his best with the lyric sonnet. His volume of verse, *The Blind Man at the Window,* issued in 1906, contains many of his best poems. From this are taken the selections, "Bells of Boscastle" and "A Mother's Song."

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